

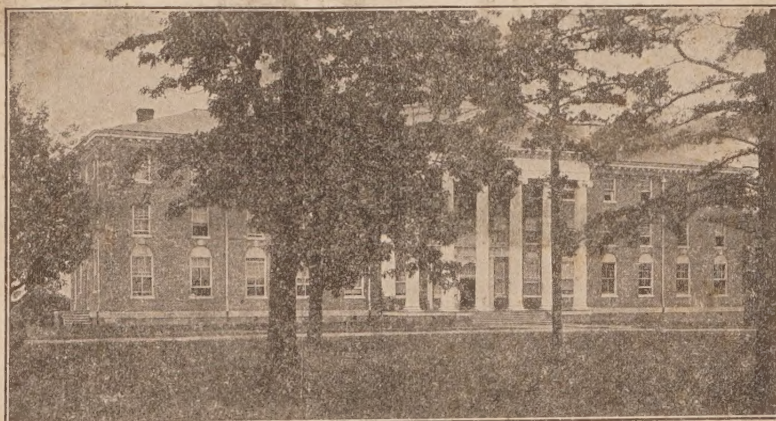
Southern Churchman

VOL. LXXVI.

RICHMOND, VA., SEPTEMBER 2, 1911.

No. 35

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Christian and Moral Education in the Home.

I approach this subject with the humility that comes from experience, from a recognition of my own blunders and shortcomings.

Let me be understood as speaking reverently when I say that a child's education begins before his birth. By this is meant the mother's part especially, her acceptance of motherhood, her trustful, prayerful pride, mixed, as it should be, with a deep sense of humility. These things do certainly affect the little soul which is being molded by her moods.

After the mother shall have done this part well, and after the newborn babe is in her arms looking to her for growth of mind and body, how tremendous the task before her! Surely there are few women so self-sufficient or light-minded as to begin this work without an overmastering desire for divine help in training the little soul for time and eternity.

As years go by and life unfolds to me its wonderful pages, I am more than ever convinced that the early impressions of a child are the most vital ones. I believe that the strongest religious convictions, a deep-seated belief in God and immortality, and a recognition of truth come to the child of average mentality by the time he has acquired a fair vocabulary. I shall put the age at five years. Within these years, while the heart is infinitely tender, it seems natural for the little one to love God. His first thoughts tend toward love in some form. Parent, sister, or brother, the kitten that he seems cruel with in his excess of fondling, the doll that the baby girl mothers with such passionate devotion—all these things mean love to the boy or girl, and it is the shortest step to the idea of that greater Love, which creates and saves us. To these little folks the story of our Saviour's birth at that far-away Christian time, His death, and resurrection are all true and lovely things, and through these things the child acquires an idea of immortality that years of contact with sin will not be likely to destroy.

It is during these early years, while the mind is so plastic, the memory so acquisitive, that we may best teach the many beautiful stories of the Bible. I find that my girl of six is quite as much interested in these stories as she is in fairy tales.—Christian Advocate.

One has a greater power to choose one's friends in books than in real life, and even at the cost of considerable trouble it is well to take the opportunity given us to meet the best. You can drop them if they do not appeal to you; but at least do not lose the chance of knowing the brave, the gallant, the generous, the kind, and the funny people who are waiting for you between the covers of countless books. They cannot begin to live, as far as you are concerned, until you set them free by opening the volume in which they are imprisoned. Then how alive they are, how much they give you, how fresh and interesting is their talk, how thrilling their fate! Often one feels that one would love to introduce them to each other—special favorites of one's own.—

There is no surer sign of loving heart than an act of sympathy. When people are sick or in trouble of any kind they need sympathy, and then is the time when we can show that we really love them. Jesus sympathizes with us in all of our troubles, and if we have the spirit of Jesus, we too will show our sympathy for others, when they are in need.

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SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN.

VOL. LXXVI.

RICHMOND, VA., SEPTEMBER 2, 1911

No. 35

Southern Churchman

Catholic for every truth of God; Protestant against every error of man.

REV. WM. MEADE CLARK, D.D., EDITOR.

SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Room 304, National Bank of Virginia Bldg.
RICHMOND, VA.

Subscription price, \$2.00 per year; six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. To all portions of the Universal Postal Union outside the United States, \$2.50 per year. Three months' trial subscription, 25 cents. To Clergyman, \$1.00 per year.

Checks and money orders should be made payable to the Southern Churchman Company—not to the Editor.

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We shall be obliged if our friends will kindly send us names of persons to whom they would like to have specimen copies of the Southern Churchman mailed.

"A file of this paper can be seen at the office of our English Representatives, Messrs. Hardy & Co., 30 Fleet Street, London, England, free of charge; and that firm will receive subscriptions and advertisements on our own behalf."

Entered at the Post-Office in Richmond as second-class mail matter.

A SERMON.

The church was in a town in Virginia boasting a large colony of summer visitors; the preacher, a Southern clergyman on his vacation; the sermon was on certain elements in the religion of Christ not sufficiently recognized in the present day; and the text, the story of the ambitious request of the Sons of Zebedee for high place in the Kingdom, and our Lord's searching answer, "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? And be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?"

James and John, it would seem, were seeking office in the Kingdom of Christ by appointment, the easiest and simplest method by which high position may be secured. They wanted to be cabinet ministers of the first rank, in honor and power, at no greater cost than a timely appeal to the favoritism of the King. Jesus tells them that such was not the method that obtained in God's Kingdom. Such promotion was not His to give for the asking, but was for those for whom it was prepared, or who were prepared for it, which comes to the same thing. The pathway to any position or recompense was that by which He Himself was coming to His Kingdom, by being partaker of His baptism of self-renunciation and His cup of self-sacrifice—the way of the cross.

The disposition of the two disciples is readily recognized as that which

exists among men of to-day; seeking large returns from all their investments and with an eye single to dividends and profitable results on easy terms. This is human nature, at something less than its best, and it projects itself into the religious sphere as surely as into any other. The Church was at fault, in its practice at least, in presenting religion, or allowing it to be misconceived of, as a cheap and easy thing, whose rewards come by preferment rather than by preparation and qualification. Men are led or permitted to adopt it and to anticipate its blessings, temporal and eternal, with no thought or purpose of service or of sacrifice beyond a mere conformity of conduct to the rules of decent living and a perfunctory loyalty to certain names and forms and ordinances. The personal following of Christ in the way that He walked, the baptism of humiliation and mortification of worldly desires, the cup of sacrifice and self-crucifixion—these were not in their mind or intentions. Yet to these the Master pointed first and always as the conditions of discipleship and of being partakers of His Kingdom and glory.

The result of this lowering of the standard of Christian teaching and living was loss of power. Men value their religion at about what it costs them, which is too often a very little. They are haunted with a half conscious sense of its unreality and lack of vital energy. They are disturbed by doubts of the rewards to be expected from such small outlay. So they fail to commend their religion to others since they have themselves missed the secret of its purpose. And the whole Church shares in this spiritual impotence and sterility in its presentation of the Gospel of the Kingdom to those who are without. The world is heartily tired of priestcraft and ecclesiasticism, which are always the refuge of decadent spiritual power. It sees nothing that is genuine in the proclamation of one who speaks only by virtue of official preferment and nothing that is worth while in what he has to offer. It seems perfunctory and unreal, and here the world is on its own ground for it understands unreality and artificiality very thoroughly. But for the true prophet, whether he speaks his message by words or by the example of a pure and devoted life, the world has respect and will give a hearing, demanding only this, that he be what he teaches. So the Master who sends and the world to whom we are sent, make the same demand and agree upon the same conditions of leadership and power, a real

and personal participation in the sacrifice and service of the King.

On such lines of thought did the preacher lead us on that quiet Sunday morning, speaking a godly and wholesome doctrine and necessary for these times and to which we would all do well to take heed.

THE RELIGIOUS USES OF VACATION.

The vacation practice is general nowadays, and marks a real social revolution in American life. It was not so very many years ago that hardly anyone thought of going anywhere just because it was summer, and all people accepted the unvarying routine of home duties as a matter of course. But since, let us say, the seventies, the summer resort habit has taken firm hold on the American people, so that now a spirit of restlessness seizes annually upon most of the people. This vacation mania arrives for most people in the summer months, though there are multitudes of pleasure-seekers, chasing after a climate, who are not content unless they take a winter vacation also. In the case of a few hard workers of delicate health possibly the winter vacation has exceptional value—not that all the vacation should come in winter, but a portion of it might in some cases be advantageously assigned to that time.

When we speak of vacation, however, we are dealing for the most part with summer vacations. The mass of the people take what outings they can while the thermometer soars, or tries to soar. Sometimes they make a success, often a failure, of the vacation business—for it has become a business in more senses than one. The multimillionaire orders his steam-yacht around, so to speak, to the back door of his Wall Street office, the millionaire takes a deck suite for Europe, the man of modern means hires himself to his summer cottage or hotel, the man less fortunate spends his precious two weeks on a tempting tour, the poor man is shut up to chance excursions, while the forgotten children of the very poor are dependent for the only outings they ever get on the generosity of the supporters of Fresh Air funds. Many there are who go, and more there are who are forced to stay behind.

All these social changes, it will be admitted by Christian people, should be controlled and directed by religious motives and aims. Religion ought to moderate and moralize vacation practices as well as any other human activities, since religion is for the whole

man, everywhere, and all the time. There may be a religious use of vacations, and no man has a right to indulge in an outing on which he cannot ask God's blessing.

A religious man, in the first place, will plan his vacation with Christian aims and purposes in view—will subordinate it to his life's work, whatever particular form that work for God may take. There will be many times in the year when such a man will be impelled to return to this or that attractive invitation, the reply of Nehemiah: 'I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down!' When release from wonted duties at last comes, such a worker will conscientiously invest his vacation hours or days in such forms of relaxation as will mean not dissipation and enervation, but recreation and upbuilding in health and spirits—for a man must keep up his spirits if he is to do the best work in life. No vacation is worth while that is a mere distraction of the attention and contraction of the manhood. A vacation ought to have an expansive influence, broadening out mind, heart and hope, sending those who have enjoyed it back to their homes with fresh zeal for service and increased powers of doing their duty.

To attain the ends above indicated is not easy, for circumstances vary, and many people blunder in and out of their vacations, their last state after a holiday being worse than their first. A vacation should, therefore, be planned with prayer as well as care. Why not ask God to direct your choice of a summer resting sphere, as well as your course in church or Sunday School work? Is not God in the desert as well as in the cities? Is He not the God of Horeb and Elim, as well as of Jerusalem? Make Him, therefore, a confidant regarding your vacation plans and hopes, and ask Him to direct your paths, as well when off on an outing as when commuting or travelling around as a commercial 'Gideon.'

While enjoying a vacation, the Christian man will observe carefully those canons of good taste and sober judgment which controls his conduct at home. He will, if anything, be even more careful of his example, knowing how many persons, many of them young people, are watching him day by day. His use of Sunday will test his real character. If he neglects to attend Divine service, if he becomes absorbed in the Sunday newspaper, if he accompanies a frolicking pleasure party on the Lord's day, he will be judged by his own conscience and despised by the very persons whose favor he is seeking illicitly to gain. On the other hand, if he seeks out some seashore chapel or village church, to encourage the sparse congregation by his presence; if he frowns upon dissipation and undue frivolity, if he helps to raise a bit the moral tone of the hotel where he is stopping, and if he takes pains to do some acts of kindness every day to his fellow-guests, or to the country people, especially to those who are generally neglected as

the gay multitude motors or sails by—he will gain the approval of his conscience, obtain a real refreshment of his own heart, strengthen his religious faith and hope, and return to his work a better and an abler man. Moreover, let it be remembered that whenever any liberal persons, whether through the Fresh Air Fund or in some other way, send one or more poor people on a vacation, their own joy will be multiplied sixty or a hundredfold, and the true spiritual purpose of all resting seasons, indicated by the example of the Master in Galilee of old, will be fulfilled."—N. Y. Observer.

SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

Scribner's Magazine.—In Scribner's Magazine for September, General Funston continues his remarkable narrative of fighting and adventure with the most thrilling incident of his Philippine experiences. He describes the battle of Calumpit and the famous swimming of the Rio Grande River, which secured for him and two of his regiment the Congressional Medal of Honor. It was in a later fight with the regiment was taken across the river on a raft, eight at a time, under a heavy fire.

James Ford Rhodes reviews in historical perspective and with clear judgment the Republican National Conventions of 1880 and 1884, which nominated respectively Garfield and Blaine. Mr. Rhodes has a power of definite statement, which clears away much of the misunderstanding and rancor of those fierce contests.

Ralph D. Paine contributes a description of the picturesque and amusing features of "The Water-Side of Antwerp." He will in later numbers describe Hamburg and the Port of London.

Frederick McCormick, who has been a newspaper representative in Pekin for a number of years, writes an illuminating review of "America and the China Loan." This is the first logical statement of a remarkable achievement of President Taft and Secretary Knox in persuading China to entrust the bringing about of her currency reform to American leadership. The diplomatic steps which led up to this, through several years' negotiation, are here for the first time elucidated.

Kenyon Cox, the eminent artist and critic, contributes another analysis of modern art, with special reference to its weakness in "Design."

Mrs. Wharton's vivid serial of New England life reaches in this number a tragic situation, told with directness and simplicity. This is the most unusual story in character and setting that Mrs. Wharton has produced.

F. Hopkinson Smith's serial, "Kennedy Square," which has been one of the successes of the year, is concluded in this number.

The short stories are:

"The Trick-Doctor," by Thomas Nelson Page—a humorous negro character-study full of the charm of Mr. Page's short stories.

"The Rubber Stamp," by Georgia Wood Pangborn—a tale of the artistic temperament.

"Under the 'Penobscot's' Bow," by John H. Walsh—a story of the workers in the navy yard on Puget Sound.

Montgomery Schuyler discusses in the Field of Art "Stray Statues" which are wrongly placed, so that their full meaning and association are forgotten.

Hampton's.—The August number of Hampton's contains a number of articles of varied interest. The opening one is entitled "Nine Years' War with Privilege," by the late Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, in some ways the foremost foe of Privilege in the nation. It is an appreciative account of a celebrated character. "Pro Bono Publico" is a story by that versatile writer, Robert W. Chambers, whose productions are always interesting and exciting. "Do You Want to Stay Young?" by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, M. A., shows how it is perfectly possible to prevent most of the limitations and crippling, which alone make old age most to be dreaded, by the exercise of our intelligence and our determination." Other articles are, "The Aerial Madness of Jim Rainey," by Frederick Palmer; "Keeping Children in School," by Rheta Childs Dorr; "The Peacock Screen," a story by Fannie Heaslip Lea; "The Battle of 1912," by O. K. Davis, a prevision of the approaching Presidential contest, illustrated with amusing cartoons; together with other sketches and stories, editorial and current comment, &c.

Lippincott's.—The recent substantial increase in the size of Lippincott's Magazine affords room for an alluring table of contents this month. The complete novel is by Carolyn Wells, whose detective stories are live matter all through. It is entitled "His Hand and Seal," and the scenes are laid in New York City.

The eight short stories show humor-ousness of humanness, or both, as in "The Friendship of Alanna," by Kathleen Norris, so natural and amusing, even while on the edge of tragedy, in its portrayal of a girl's loyalty to her chum. "The Curtain," by J. J. Bell, gives a man's thrilling night experience, showing what one can stand for the sake of a hobby. "Flavia Swims," by Sigmund Spaeth, is a summer-sport-and-love story containing a new line of campaign. A Blue Ridge mountain story of extraordinary charm is "Mary," by Elizabeth Maury Coombs. A slick business deal carried through on British soil by an American is "Colonel Copp's Finesse," by Frank E. Verney. A touching tale of heroism in the Mexican war is "The Price of Victory," by Frances Douglas. "What Happened to Jackson," by Merle M. Hoover, is an amusing story of a lost wallet—told over telegraph wires. One of the attractive new features of Lippincott's is the monthly publication of a Short-Story Masterpiece. The translation (when necessary), and comments on the author and his work, are by the editor. The current number contains "The Pope's Mule," by Alphonse Daudet. Scattered through the pages are some beautiful poems from well-known songsters; and in the "Walnut and Wine" are many pages of new jokes for you to finish up with.

The Century.—The September number of The Century is styled the "Around the World Number," and a glance at its contents justifies the title. The frontispiece is an attractive picture in colors of "A Japanese Candy Vendor." "The Weaver of Shells," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, is a delightful description of Venice, with interesting illustrations. The "Four Giants of Broddingnag," by Mark F. Wilcox, is a story depicting the dangers attending the life of the adventurer in Africa. "The Women of the Caesars" by Guglielmo Ferrero, is continued, and throws a lurid light on the reign

of the weak and wicked Emperor Caligula "Eskimo Women in Greenland," by Anna Bostrup, is an account of the women of that country. "India's Restless Neighbors and the Khyber Pass," by Roderick D. MacKenzie, is an interesting account of the management by the British government of the wild and ferocious tribes in Northern India. Eden Philpotts writes a story entitled "The Point of View." Besides these there are many other sketches and stories, all of which are interesting and instructive. An article which will be read with attention is "Christian Missions in Japan," by Adachi Kinnosuke, who was a student at the United States Naval Academy, married a Japanese, who was a Christian, and was graduated at Vassar, and during the war with Russia held high command under Admiral Togo. Mr. Kinnosuke shows, conclusively, that Christianity is beginning to take a firm hold upon Japan. Thirty-five years ago there were eleven baptized Christians. To-day there are seventy thousand of them in Japan; they own 600 churches; in their Sunday Schools they teach 100,000 children. Fifty years ago there was no such expression as "religious freedom" in the entire range of Nippon literature. To-day the phrase is written into the constitution of the land. Following this article is a comment by William Elliot Griffiths, who says that apart from the church, a quiet and sure work is proceeding among the Japanese themselves, not by individuals, but by families. "My own view," he says, "is that at least five million Japanese see in Jesus their Master, and in pure Christianity the only hope for Japan."

Convention Journals Received.

From the Rev. Henderson Judd, Bishop's chaplain, Los Angeles, Cal., Journal of the Sixteenth Annual Convention of the Diocese of Los Angeles.

From the Rev. L. N. Trenbath, Registrar, Journal of the one hundred and twenty-seventh Annual Convention of the Diocese of New Jersey.

From the Rev. E. R. Rich, D. D., Secretary, Journal of the Forty-third Annual Convention of the Diocese of Easton.

From the Rev. James G. Glass, Secretary, Journal of the Eightieth Annual Council of the Diocese of Alabama.

From the Rev. William DuHamel, M. A. Journal of the Thirty-ninth Annual Council of the Diocese of Arkansas.

Loyalty to Christ.

This is the essence of Christianity. He who is genuinely loyal to Christ is a Christian; he who is wanting in this, whatever else he has, is not a Christian. One may be ever so admirable in his family, business, social and civic relations, and yet be totally wanting in loyalty to Christ. These virtues count for much as between man and man, but they count for nothing as between man and God. "Without me," says Christ, "ye can do nothing." Apart from Christ one can no more do ought for the glory of God than a branch can bear fruit apart from the vine. He can do much for the good of his fellow-man, but absolutely nothing that merits recognition as virtue in the sight of God.

This truth needs emphasis by iteration and reiteration, the tendency to ignore it is so strong and persistent.

While the popular religious movements of the day have much good in them, and promise much for the future, we fear there is much in them to obscure the one thing needful. The latest of them all, the "Men and Religion Movement," has already furnished ground for apprehension. Recently one active and influential in promoting that movement set forth its aims in terms which suggest that it will lay chief stress on the duty of men to their fellow-men. Man's supreme duty is not to his fellowman, but to God. The chief mission of the Church is to lift this truth into prominence and to keep it prominent. The prime motive for all mission work at home and abroad should be loyalty to Christ. His claims are pre-eminent and should ever be kept first. All efforts for the moral and social uplift of man should be an expression of loyalty to Christ. If they do not express this, they are not Christian. When Christian men, members of the Church, start out on a crusade for the betterment of human conditions, they may do temporary good and permanent harm by propagating superficial, inadequate and consequently erroneous ideas, touching the fundamental and essential elements of Christianity. They may "daub with untempered mortar," and build a structure that will be disappointing and disastrous in the final outcome.

We have nothing but commendation for every deed, born of sympathy and compassion, which makes some darkened life a little brighter, or some grievous burden a little lighter. But to class such deeds as Christian merely because they express sympathy and compassion and confer blessings is to give currency to serious and perhaps fatal error. Let the "cup of cold water" be given by all means, but let not the reward of which Christ speaks be coupled with it unless it be given in the name of a disciple. What we have to fear is a Christless Christianity, a Godless religion, resting upon the one doctrine of altruism. There be those who say that when Christ has furnished the true ideal of life, which is a life of service to our fellow-men, then we have no further need of Christ. Henceforth it matters not whether Christ be a beautiful fiction, or a historical reality. The quarrel over His virgin birth, and His bodily resurrection is a foolish contention over questions of no practical importance.

Loyalty to Christ is loyalty to the risen, ascended and ever-living Lord of glory. It will express itself by jealousy for His Church and for His cause. It is inconceivable that it should exist without prompting to an open confession of Him. This is a test which He Himself proposes. "Whoso confesseth me before men, him will I also confess before my Father and the holy angels." To withhold this confession is to deny Christ and the penalty for this is denial by Christ. Here then is the inexorable test of loyalty, open public confession. Does any one make this who does not unite himself to the Church? One whose heart is not right may join the Church; but it does not follow that one whose heart is right will not join the Church.

Loyalty to Christ demands separation from the world. It is fundamental in the teaching of Christ that the world, the race of mankind, is in a fallen condition, is in revolt against God. However kind and amiable the rebels, they are yet rebels till they surrender their hearts to God. When they do this, they must by open confession and by the general tenor of their lives, mark their change of attitude. "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity

against God; whosoever, therefore, is the friend of the world is an enemy of God." To stand with the world is to stand against Christ. Speaking of His true Discipleship, He said: "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

It is the duty of the ambassadors of Christ to draw the line broad and deep, to suffer no obscuring of the issue. Make it clear that it is not a question whether men will be kind and helpful, whether they will do right by each other, but whether they will get right and keep right with God. For rebels to be sympathetic and gracious to one another does not excuse their rebellion. They can never do anything right till they surrender unconditionally to their divine King. Then their first duty will ever be to Him. "Ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake." This is the Christian order, and only this order is Christian. The service of Christ first, and then the service of man for Christ's sake.—Presbyterian Standard.

For the Southern Churchman.

A Different History.

It is a very significant fact that the history of the Israelites in the old dispensation would have been very different from what it was, if they had been obedient to the expressed will of God as the rule of their lives. This is not merely a speculative thought, but it is according to the actual facts in that history. That people did not forfeit the favor of God because of partial imperfections in relation to obedience to Him; it was because of gross and repeated departures from fidelity to His laws and commands and ordinances. They went boldly into sin. They gave themselves up to idolatry and moral uncleanness. They did so in the very midst of God's gracious and patient warnings and utmost entreaties. This is why God sent them to Babylon. He told them that it was because of their sins; and this means that they would not have gone there if it had not been for their wickedness. It means that if they had pursued a course of obedience toward God, they would have remained in their own loved land. It is also evident that if they had been true to God, Jerusalem would not have been destroyed, and hence the magnificent and sacred temple would have been continually preserved. In view of these things, and others of a similar character, we may see that the history of the Israelites would have been greatly different from what it was, if they had acted very differently toward God.

And it may as truly be said that the history of the Jews, since the days of Christ on earth, would have been very different from what it has been, and now is, if they had treated Him in a becoming manner. They not only despised and rejected Him, but they persecuted Him, even unto death. By their unbelief and hatred they brought upon themselves the curse of God; and Christ warned them of coming judgments. Since then they have been scattered over the face of the earth, and have brought upon them the detestation of all other peoples. So, I say that their history would have been very different if they had accepted the Messiah as their own Saviour and Lord. If, as a whole, they had acknowledged Him as being the Christ whom God sent in their behalf, their history would have been a praise to God and an honor to themselves. And how different are the lives of many people to-day from what they would have been if they had, early in life, yielded themselves to the Lord of all!

C. H. WETHERBE.

Manliness in the Ministry.

One recalls with a certain sad amusement the cynical description, by a Scotchman, of the three latest incumbents of the pulpit in his parish. One, he said, was a minister and not a man; another was a man, and not a minister; while the one then preaching was neither man nor minister. The sharp wit of the comment pleases, but the large amount of truth there is likely to have been in it saddens. It is not pleasant to think how many ministers there are who lack real manliness.

How often this is shown in money matters. Special temptations beset the minister here. Many things combine to sap his strength of mind and his independence in this direction. He has had free education in the theological seminary, with perhaps further pecuniary aid from some board. He has become accustomed to regular discounts and special favors in trade or transportation, free tickets to entertainments and even to theatres eager for a word of praise from him. He is underpaid and tardily paid. He feels in a measure obliged to get everything free that he possibly can, and thinks probably that it is balanced in the long run by the large amount of benefit he bestows upon the community, for which no financial recompense is made him. Nevertheless, it is rather a pity that he should have to do it, and a distinct peril lurks behind the practice. He is forced into a position that is dangerously near that of a beggar. And he often wishes that he had sufficient funds to stand upon his feet and pay his way in full, without asking any one to diminish aught of his legitimate profits. He ought to do it for his own sake as frequently as possible. And as to going about in the community to solicit his own salary, or what amounts to the same thing, make up deficiencies in the current expenses, the church that will permit that is plainly taking steps to destroy not only their minister's manliness, but their own.

In the management of the parish, also, the pastor's manliness is tested, and sometimes much impaired. He feels almost compelled to become all things to all men, not that he may save them, but that he may save himself. The importance of tact is impressed upon him at every juncture, and it is very easy for this to degenerate into the slick arts of the wily demagogue, under the smooth names of policy and diplomacy. There may be too much tact, or a tact that comes alarmingly near to insincerity and duplicity. Pulled this way and between opposing factions, and striving hard to stand in with both for the sake of peace and harmony, the puzzled and distracted pastor may find himself with no mind of his own, and hardly daring to speak a straightforward, honest word.

In his pulpit ministrations it is much the same. How many there are to please. Intellectual courage and honesty come pretty high, and he is tempted to think that he can scarcely afford much of them. If he falls into the snare of popularity-seeking and watches the "ever-mutable multitude" to take from them his cue instead of getting a message from the Most High, how poor a chance he will have to cultivate virility. He must certainly take a stand here, and absolutely refuse, no matter what the cost, to be anybody's hired man. He is an ambassador from the King of kings. What to him are earthly dignities and magnates, or influential church officials and petty parish perquisites? He must be true not only to himself, but to his Divine Master,

with resolute self-respect and an honor held high above the reach of soilure.

The minister's manliness is menaced also by the adulation to which he is subjected. He will be flattered by certain people. Associating, as he must a good deal of the time, with those who naturally look up to him and accept whatever he says as just about right, he is very apt to imagine himself something more than common, entitled to adopt a different standard from that which is exacted of others and to plead his position in excuse for self-indulgence. Too much cosseting will speedily take the manhood out of him. His ears may get so filled with "the bleating of the sheep" that they will have little affinity for other rougher, stronger sounds; he will become incapacitated for taking the place of a man in the world and doing the best grade of work. The preacher, of course, needs to be praised occasionally, lest he sink into discouragement through failure to see any results of his toil, but a continued diet of honeyed words is not wholesome for him, and if they do not make him sick, they will be apt to produce that effect on all who are brought much into contact with him.

The minister should be a leader, with a chainless soul and an unshackled mind; not so anxious to read "the signs of the times" and the wishes of the mob, or to echo the gabble of the streets, as to be a moulder of public opinion and the raiser of a standard around which the best may rally. He should not have weak knees, knocking together in fear of what "they say," or a limp backbone, marking him as flabby and flimsy, soft and spongy, liable to topple over with a little push. His spinal column should be granitic. "In I am and on I must," should be one of his mottoes; and another, "Servant of all, servile to none." This means no crawling and cringing and fawning, but a proper sense of the majesty of self. It is not a little thing to be a man dowered with responsibility and destined to eternity. We are not to languish through life in a collapsed and unstrung state, head hanging down like a bulrush. Defiance has as rightful a place as deference. He is less than a man who will not occasionally rise in his might and defy all the forces of earth and hell to move him from his ground. Self assertion is more needed than self-effacement before one's fellows.

It is not required, either of an ordinary Christian or of a minister of the Gospel, to be a milksop or a molly-coddle, a sneak or a time-server. He may be gentle and humble to any extent, without being a colorless, inoffensive, insignificant, chicken-hearted, poor-spirited stick. His meekness should not, under any circumstances, be weakness. The charge of Paul to both Timothy and Titus, "Let no man despise thee," has pertinency now. We are not to be pliable where principle is concerned, nor hesitate to give battle for the truth, no matter what the odds. Those grand old Roman qualities—a high sense of honor, a strict regard for truth, inflexible justice, constant temperance, and a courage not to be impeached—were not abrogated by Christianity. Jesus supplemented their deficiencies, corrected their excesses, and enlarged their scope.

The manliness of Christ leaves nothing to be desired. He knew how "to wait in meekness and to walk in power." He was uncompromisingly loyal at all times to the highest ideals. Never in haste, never in fear, without misgiving or distrust, He strode the path appointed Him. He did not resort to adroit manoeuvres and indirect meth-

ods. He had no part in scheming. He never lowered His standard to maintain His hold upon the populace. He shrunk not from conflict. He bore Himself loftily and with quiet dignity to the end, overcoming the world with the steadfastness of His faith and the tranquil vigor of His courage. He says to us, whether in the pulpit or the pew, Be real, be brave, be manly, unaffected, open, guileless, straightforward, do the duty of the hour without faltering, have no fear, be as narrow as truth, as broad as love, be a faithful soldier of the cross, and in due time I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. James Mudge, D. D., in *Episcopal Recorder*.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

Peace, yea, perfect peace! What a heaven lies within! All gleaming with a heavenly light, even in the midnight of this world of care! We cannot enjoy true peace so long as sin remains upon the conscience. As well might the ocean be quiet while the tempest is raging, or the sea bird rest on the wave when the storm is mixing earth and sky. The more the surely will it forbid peace so long as sin remains; for its honest verdict is that sin deserves God's wrath, and must be punished. Every upright understanding assents to the justice of that dispensation by which "every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward." To me, when convicted of sin, it seemed that God could not be God if He did not punish me for my sins. Because of this deep-seated conviction, that great gospel truth, "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," became a heavenly message sweeter than the music of angels' harps. Then I saw, with glad surprise, that God in Christ Jesus is "just and the justifier of him which believeth." To me the glorious doctrine of substitution was a well in a desert, and it is so still. I believe it with my whole soul. An honest man, if he be in debt, will always be in trouble until the liability is removed; but when his debt is paid, he leaps into liberty and gladness. When I learned that my enormous debt of sin had been fully discharged by the Lord Jesus Christ, who does this for all believers, then was my heart at peace.—C. H. Spurgeon.

"Faithful."

Our Master does not care about quantity, but motive. The slave with a few pence, enough to stock meagerly a little stall, may show as much business capacity, diligence and fidelity as if he had millions to work with. Christ rewards not actions, but the graces which are made visible in actions, and these can be as well seen in the tiniest as in the largest deeds. The light that streams through a pin prick is the same as pounds through the widest window. The crystals of a salt present the same faces, flashing back the sun at the same angles, whether they be large or microscopically small. Therefore, the judgment of Christ, which is simply the utterance of fact, takes no heed of the extent, but only of the kind of service, and puts on the same level of recompense all who, with however widely varying powers, were one in spirit, in diligence and devotion. The eulogium on the servants is not "successful" or "brilliant," but "faithful," and both alike get it.—Alex. Maclaren.

"By friendship I mean the greatest love, and the trust union of minds of which brave men and women are capable."

Church Intelligence.

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

- 2—Saturday.
- 3—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
- 10—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
- 17—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
- 21—St. Matthew's Day.
- 24—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
- 29—St. Michael and All Angels'.

Collect for Twelfth Sunday After Trinity.

Almighty and everlasting God, Who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and meditation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

Foreign.

An Inspiring Record.

More than ordinary interest is attached to the report of the Church Missionary Society, which has just been issued. Churchmen, as well as members of other denominations all over the world, are looking with anxiety to see what the outcome will be of the Home Committee's drastic action in regard to "Retrenchment." Probably the majority of the home supporters of the Society agree with the Committee's decision, but the need for it must be deeply regretted and deplored. At a time when the millions of China are just awaking out of their sleep of centuries, when Japan has already thrown off her distinctive mantle, and is arraying herself, physically and mentally, in Western fashion, when the millions of India who have received Western education without the restraining power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ are becoming a real menace; when the countless tribes in all parts of Africa seem to be waking up to a new life—this is surely not the time for the Church to call for retrenchment, which will be looked upon by the world rather in the nature of a retreat. It is not too much to say that this year will be looked upon as a crisis in the history of missions, and it surely behoves Churchmen to see to it that not only shall there be nothing in the nature of slackening of zeal, but rather that there shall be an advance all along the line.

The C.M.S. Report is not a "dry blue-book," but is a fascinating and eloquent account of work carried on in different parts of the world, under various conditions, and with varied success, but with great zeal and undaunted faith and courage, which should be an inspiration and a stimulus to home workers. There are many stories of persecution bravely borne by native converts, and many bright examples of changed lives. Here is one, for instance, from Northern Nigeria:

Of all the many stories, the most stirring is that of Alolo, once wife of a wicked medicine man, and herself an adept in native sorcery. She identified herself with the missionaries, and after a long and brave protest against the evil customs of her people, maintained, under circumstances of heavy cost, a fearless burning of her re-

markable idols in the presence of her neighbors, a noble rescue of a tiny baby boy, who was being buried alive with his dead mother, and a wide use of her great influence amongst the kings in different towns; Alolo was, during the past year, baptized in the Ibo Country, a West African Lydia, leader in a little Christian church.

Turning to Uganda, we are told that the Christian community now numbers some 70,000 souls, with a fine body of African leaders, both clerical and lay, but still much remains to be done, as will be seen from the following comment:

Uganda is rightly looked on as a bulwark against Islam, a centre for the evangelization of the territories around. Yet, with all the combined work of the Europeans and Africans within the Church, and the glad record of baptisms during the year, Uganda is far from being evangelized itself, as yet. "Half the field in Uganda is still untouched," says the Edinburgh Conference Report. About 300,000 adherents belong to the Protestant and Roman Catholic Missions; it is estimated that the Protectorate has a population of 650,000 Baganda and 2,870,000 of other races.

The tremendous difficulties of work in Mohammedan lands is dealt with, and the following paragraph is a rather sad commentary on our unhappy conditions:

Palestine, with its numerous factions of Oriental Christians and the cramping restrictions of Turkish rule, is perhaps the most difficult mission-field in the world, though it is also one that stirs the deepest memories. Amongst a population of a million and a-quarter thirty-seven mission-stations have been opened by sixteen Missionary Societies.

Testimony from India.

Turning to India the difficulties are not glossed over, but the following testimony will be read with interest:

The Hon. Sir Narayan G. Chardavarkar, Judge of the High Court, Bombay, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, speaking at a meeting in Bombay on "The Kingdom of Christ and the Spirit of the Age," said: "Let me tell what I consider the greatest miracle of the present day. It is this, that to this great country, with its over 300 millions of people, there should come from a little island, unknown by name even to our forefathers, many thousand miles distant from our shores, and with a population of but fifty to sixty millions, a message so full of spiritual life and strength as the Gospel of Christ. This, surely, is a miracle, if ever there was one. And this message has not only come, but is finding a response in our hearts. The process of the conversion of India to Christ may not be going on as rapidly as you hope, or in exactly the manner that you hope, but nevertheless, I say, India is being converted, the ideas that lie at the heart of the Gospel of the Christ are slowly but surely, permeating every part of Hindu society, and modifying every phase of Hindu thought."

The marvellous opportunities in China are brought under review, and the following words spoken at the Edinburgh Conference by a Chinese Professor, admirably sum up the position:

The people of China are now giving away the old, but they have not yet grasped the new, * * * The minds of the Chinese are now empty, and this is the time for Christ to step in. If you wait four or five years, or even three years, you will find such a change

in China that the minds of her people will be blocked. I beseech you to take immediate steps. In five years it will be too late.

Decrease in Public-Houses.

It is gratifying to find from the Blue Book which was issued on Tuesday that during the twelve months ending December 31, 1909, there was again a marked decrease in the number of licensed premises for the sale of drink. "On-licenses" numbered 92,484 against 94,045 for the previous year. "Off-licenses" numbered 24,438 as compared with 26,677. These figures are eminently satisfactory, and though the decrease may not be as rapid as some Temperance advocates might desire, yet it is clear that Mr. Balfour's Act of 1904 is fulfilling the objects for which it was passed. On the other hand, however, we regret to find that the increase in the number of clubs is maintained. For the year in review there were 7,536 registered clubs against 7,323 the previous year. This is a matter which will have to be resolutely faced in the near future, for it is of no use to close public-houses over which the police authorities have full control, when clubs may be opened under conditions which seem to us to be intolerable. We rejoice to find that the convictions for drunkenness have dropped from 169,518 to 161,992. This is encouraging to Temperance reformers, but "there is still much land to be possessed."

Welsh Disestablishment.

Some Liberals are getting afraid, the local Liberal paper tells us, that an active Disestablishment campaign will alienate Liberal Churchmen, and do their cause more harm than good. No doubt it will. Already I hear of more than one prominent Liberal Churchman in this district declaring himself against the proposed dismemberment and disendowment of the Welsh Church. Meanwhile the work of the Diocesan Church Defence Society goes steadily on. More parishes are being organized for the purpose, than ever before. In many leaflets are being circulated. One parochial branch has begun open-air instruction propaganda with excellent results; another has a Church Defence General Committee of representatives from every organization in the parish—examples both warmly commended by the Archidiaconal Committee. The training of speakers is being well done, and altogether the prospect is hopeful and encouraging.

The Bishop of Winchester and the King.

With the primary object of getting to know their people, the Bishop of Winchester and the Hon. Mrs. Talbot gave a garden-party at Farnham Castle on Saturday afternoon, when there were a great many guests. In the course of an address the Bishop said that the King's name had in these last few days been heard of in a way which was very unfamiliar to English people. In a mixed assembly like that he would say not one word of politics, but he thought he might say that, whatever they felt about the action recently taken towards the King and by the King on the Constitutional question, he had their entire sympathy and respect in circumstances which for a new Sovereign and a conscientious Sovereign, were perhaps as trying as could well have befallen a man. They wanted all, whatever their politics and what-

ever they thought, to go forward to the future with increased loyalty. It seemed to him that in the Providence of God the King was set on high, that we might see in a great conspicuous instance what human responsibility and what the responsibility of citizenship were.

Proceeding, the Bishop said: What was to be said about the King and his duty and his opportunities in great things was to be said about each one of them in their lives, their duties, and responsibilities in small things. They would all agree that in England the people were sovereign. They used that word in two senses. The King was Sovereign in one sense, and in another sense the people were sovereign. That was the meaning of constitutional Monarchy. But who were the people? The word was used in a number of ways, not always very correct, but they would be perfectly safe if they said that the people were themselves and a number of other people just like themselves. And, therefore, as sovereign people it behoved them to do their duty and to use their opportunities well. Every one of them possessed that most potent power—the power of formation of opinion. What the country thought, and therefore, in the end, what the country did about peace or war, oppression or liberty, progress or stagnation, was done by the public opinion of the country, and every one of them contributed drops, smaller or greater, to that mighty current.

A Wonderful Old Church.

The ancient parish church of Giggleswick-in-Craven, dedicated under the name of St. Alkelda, a Saxon princess who was the foundress of this Holy Fane, and who was martyred by strangulation for "the Faith" at Middleham, by two Danish heathen women, is well worth a visit by any holiday maker who happens to be staying in, or passing through, any locality in the West Riding of Yorkshire, that is within fairly easy reach of its historic old fabric. It is the mother-church for the parish of Giggleswick-in-Craven and the townships of Langcliffe, Settle, Stainforth, and Rathmell. The derivation of the name "Giggleswick" is from Vik (wick) or village of Gikel, a Saxon chieftain, or Anglo-Saxon gugglian (bubbling)—in allusion to the Holy Well, or Ebbing and Flowing Well—and vik (village), or Ecclesiae vicus, i. e., the Village of the Church (of the countryside). In pre-Christian days the "Ebbing and Flowing Well" was supposed to be possessed by the spirit or god of the Well, and was superstitiously regarded as having some occult therapeutic properties, especially when the well was working.

The date of the foundation is uncertain. It was anciently in possession of the families of Percy and Pudsay, and afterwards granted to the Priory of Finchale (Durham). Fragments of the Saxon church were found during the restoration, a considerable distance below the level of the present church. Of the early Norman church various stones (some of them bearing "Masons' Marks") may be seen inserted in the present walls. Of this later church the lower part of walls, the tower, and the arcades now remain.

Christ made the perfect sacrifice by death; it is for us in answering love to make the sacrifice of life. He gave His body to be crucified; we must give our bodies to be used and glorified when He shall choose.—Bolton Jones.

American.

The Needs of the Sunday School, With Reference to the South.

At the meeting of the Sunday School Conference and Institute, held under the auspices of the Summer Extension Course of the University of the South, Reverend Mercer P. Logan, D. D., rector of St. Ann's church, Nashville, Tenn., chairman, made the opening address on the subject, "The Needs of the Sunday School, with special reference to the South." Dr. Logan said, "The greatest need of the Sunday School is a proper appreciation of the fact that it is a potential factor in the economy of God's Kingdom in the world, and is absolutely essential to the life of that Kingdom. We despair of ever having that need supplied until we become acquainted with the history of the Sunday School and its dignity." He then proceeded to trace the history of the Sunday School from the very earliest time, beginning with myths and traditions. He touched upon the religious schools in conjunction with the synagogues, showed that the methods of teaching in the Christian Church grew out of such schools, and dealt at some length upon the evolution of the modern Sunday School. In approaching the needs of the Sunday School of our present time, Dr. Logan said:

"There have been three great crises in the Christian Church and there is another which is close at hand, if not already here. There is no doubt that the Sunday School, or that for which the Sunday School stood, was a potential factor in saving the teaching of Christ to the world in past crises, and to the Sunday School the Church must look in the present crisis.

"The first crisis was in the early days of Christianity—soon after the Apostolic Days—when the Church had no land or people, and individuals reached and taught the young the best they could, whenever and wherever they might do so, and on account of the situation there was a decline in the vitality which characterized the Christians who breathed the spirit of the Apostles. This decline really became a crisis. It was when the conditions became so changed that they were able to organize schools and gather the young and teach them that the Church took on new life and renewed her vigor.

"The second crisis was in the Middle Ages. At that time all education, religious or otherwise, was centered in and came from the monasteries, but in time the spirit of the age touched the monasteries as well as everything else, and they became corrupt. As they were the centres of religious education, the days became dark, and Christianity was in the throes of death. There was a crisis. Then, the Reformation came. The Reformers recognized that the teaching of the young was necessary, and so that period became a period of catechisms. They were diligent in teaching, and made such progress in the employment of this method that the Roman Catholics became alarmed, and by the adroit and efficient use of the Sunday School agency, stayed the progress of the Reformation. They conceived the plan of reaching out after the children and of rearing up in them a new generation of lovers and defenders of Rome. The Church of Rome never forgot the lesson learned in that critical hour of her history, and has certainly demonstrated the power involved in teaching the young.

"With great emphasis placed by the Reformers, on the central thought of the Gospel—Jesus Christ the ever-present Judge, the children were taught and the Church came out of darkness into light.

"The third crisis was in the eighteenth century. The decadence of moral and spiritual power in Protestant nations of Europe and America, as a whole, continued with generally accelerated force to the latter third of the eighteenth century, with culmination in the volcanic outburst of the French Revolution. It looked as if Christian Truth had vanished from the land, and that period in the history of the Church might well be called the atheistic period. There was a crisis. The great religious advance of the nineteenth century was consequent upon the revival and expansion of the divinely appointed agency for the winning and the training of the youth of the land. We may well say the Sunday School brought back life into the Christian religion, and the work of the Church made great and glorious progress.

"It is true beyond dispute that the Church is, at the present time, in a crisis, and one that is peculiar and which claims our especial attention. There never was a time when men as well as women were so interested in religious matters, as is evidenced by various religious movements. This is the day of religious movements, and of movements that move. Fifty years ago it would have been impossible to gather together fifteen hundred or more men and boys from all parts of the country, and at their own expense, to consider the best interests of the Kingdom of Christ; fifty years ago it would have been out of question to get together in our cities a thousand or more men to sit down to a dinner, each one paying for his own dinner, and to listen to addresses on missions and foreign missions at that. Although we thank God for these movements, yet we feel that the results have not been altogether satisfactory. Something is wrong. There is an under-current of spiritual indefiniteness, of restlessness, aye, of indifference. These are the crises we hear too frequently, 'Do missions pay?'—a wrong ring about the word pay. Religion is needed right now here in this world—a good investment—a wrong ring about the word investment. 'You get out of a thing what you put in it—a wrong ring about the word get. We cannot fail to detect the spirit of materialism which shows itself in the desire to organize. It is a twice-told tale that the Church is becoming materialistic. Materialism in religion is death to all true religion, because it savors of heathenism. The agency that saved the Church in the past is the agency that will save the Church in this day. The hope of the present and of the future is in the Sunday School, not with great enrollment and materialism in the air, but with a right spirit and an extended curriculum, touching human life at every point.

"Now in the face of the situation, what are the needs of the Sunday School, the needs for this present time?

First—the Sunday School needs to be given its right and lawful place. It is only possible for that to be done by arousing the clergy and laity to the importance of this divinely appointed agency for the preservation of the integrity of the Church, and for its propagation. We talk, but we have not anything very definite to teach or to suggest, and so we need to study and

reach a conclusion as to definiteness in instruction. It is possible, in conferences such as the one about to be held, we can discuss freely methods of instruction and be the wiser for such discussions. Permit me to say—I do not know that I ought to say it—but I will say it, the time has come when the Theological Seminaries should give in their curriculum the right place to the Sunday School, and then a generation of clergy will be raised up right-ly instructed and capable of leadership.

"Second. The Sunday School needs a broader vision of work and its influence. The times demand it. It is a mistake to confine the instruction to what may be called purely religious,—to that which has to do with the soul of the child—oh the importance of that—transcendent, but at the same time the child should be taught that the truth should find expression in every relation of life. And the vision should become even broader than that, so broad, indeed, as to lead to an adaptation to the situation that confronts us. The children are not taught religious truth in their homes; the public schools care very little about religious truth as given in the Bible; in the best of them such instruction is only tolerated or slipped in by religious teachers; and some colleges and universities think that no institution of learning can give impartial and thorough instruction and at the same time be Christian. The responsibility upon the Sunday School, by virtue of the situation, is very great. It does look as if the Sunday School is called to make up the deficiency in the home and in the school, and in the college and university. It is necessary, then, that the instruction be broader than in the past, embracing all the relations of the body politic, social, political, commercial, philanthropic and all-Christian citizenship, if you please. The time may come when it will be necessary to change the name of Sunday School to Church School.

"Third. The Sunday School needs better lesson material, material with more vitality. We are not teaching dead people, but live people and people who will be called to meet living issues. It is altogether fair to state that we have some admirable systems of instruction for the primary and the intermediate grades, especially for the primary, and there never was a time when there was greater interest in the study of the Bible, and we have some splendid courses, but we need more vitality in them, and it may also be added that there is need of definiteness in applying truths to the experiences of life and to the problems with which children become acquainted at a very early age. We need also more advanced courses, such as comparative religions, social questions, modern religious cults, and an extended and thorough course of the history of the Christian Church, coming down to the events of the present time. We need lesson material which will enable the teachers to meet the needs of the present situation.

"Fourth. The Sunday School needs trained teachers. All honor to those who have labored for years and have done such noble work. We have a peculiar condition with which to contend, and we need teachers who can meet that condition. We can never hope for trained teachers until there is a proper understanding of child-nature, and thorough acquaintance with the subjects to be taught. Now there are some teachers who have worked out all this for themselves, but they would have

been better teachers if they had had better instruction. It would certainly serve well where possible, and it is possible almost anywhere, to hold institutes presided over by competent persons, and those who attend such schools, for they are schools, would be led to a sense of individual responsibility, and also to the realization of the necessity of personal communion with God, and also to the consciousness of the need of self-preparation for the great work of imparting information and in training the life of the child for the Kingdom, and for work in the Kingdom. Why not in connection with the Sunday School itself, have a normal department for the older and more advanced scholars? Begin the training of the teacher in the school, with the expectation that the time will come when the services of those thus trained will be needed.

"Fifth. The Sunday School needs the sympathy and support of the parents and the communicants of the Church. The parents are frequently without appreciation of the work of the teachers, and seem to have little or no sense of responsibility as to the religious training of their children. They permit them to go to Sunday School when they please, and stay at home when they please, and even more than that, at will, to change Sunday Schools. We trust the day will come when parents will see to it that their children attend their Sunday Schools with the same degree of regularity with which they attend the secular schools. In many of our parishes the Sunday School and the Church are separate and distinct. The older communicants instead of lending their influence to encourage and build up, never enter the Sunday School, and the children never darken the doors of the Church. It would be well to have a place in every Sunday School for the older communicants—a Bible class from which that much needed influence and encouragement may emanate and enter into every department, from the primary to the normal.

With an appreciation of the history and the dignity of the Sunday School, with consciousness of the fact that it has been a potential factor in every crisis of the life of the Christian Church, with acquaintance of its needs for the present time, we are willing to take the risk as to the details of the needs of our Southland. We have needs peculiar to the land in which we live and among the people with whom and for whom we labor. The details of the needs of the Sunday School in our land, where we have a scattered population, where we have the plantation community, where we have a large number of colored people, where we have the mountaineer and the mill hand, where we have the cosmopolitan population of the city, and where we have every grade of society from the most ignorant to the most cultured, will, with the intelligence and self-sacrifice of those interested, work themselves out to the extension of the Kingdom, and to the glory of God."

Sunday School Institute and Conference at Sewanee.

The two most conspicuous events at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., during this summer, were the DuBose Reunion and the Sunday School Conference and Institute. The DuBose Reunion has already been adequately described in the general Church papers but the Sunday School Institute, the following week, August 7 to 13, is of no less popular interest. Under the

efficient management of Rev. Mercer P. Logan, D. D., rector of St. Ann's church, Nashville, Tenn., this Institute has begun a strong and significant effort for the betterment of the Sunday Schools of the Church in this section of the South. Fourteen States were represented by the one hundred and fifty delegates who assembled. At the close of the week it was voted to continue the Institute as an annual affair and it was suggested that the Sewanee Department Council might do well to endorse it as a part of its work for the betterment of Church Sunday Schools.

The chief speakers at the Institute were Miss Mabel Lee Cooper, of Memphis, and Prof. Albert T. Barrett, Ph. D., of the Peabody Normal, of Nashville, Tenn. Miss Cooper's subject was "Teaching the Infant and Primary Departments," and Dr. Barrett discussed some most important principles of Pedagogy and child psychology.

Other speakers were the Bishop of Tennessee, Dr. W. P. DuBose, Rev. Edmond Burnett, D. D., Rev. H. Boyd Edwards, Prof. J. D. Buch, M. D., Rev. Jas. L. Clark, the Bishop of South Carolina, and Prof. Herbert L. Willett, Ph. D., of Chicago, Rev. Walter C. Whitaker, D. D. Rev. Raimond de Ovies, etc.

Small Pox Outbreak in Central Alaska.

A telegram has just come from Bishop Rowe, informing the Board of Missions of a serious outbreak of small pox among the white people and Indians of Central Alaska. Dr. Grafton Burke, our medical missionary on the Yukon River, reports many cases in the neighborhood of Fort Yukon. Bishop Rowe is appealing to the government officials for aid. In addition, private help is urgently needed and this, the Bishop says, can best be given now by forwarding money. Some weeks ago the Board of Missions sent about 2,000 vaccine treatments to the interior missions. It will gladly forward to Bishop Rowe any gifts the people of the Church desire to make to meet this emergency.

Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

JOHN W. WOOD, Secretary.

The corner stone of the new Mount Calvary church, in St. Louis, was laid on July 30. The Rev. S. E. Arthur was in charge of the service, in the absence of Bishop Tuttle, and Mr. H. H. Denison, senior warden of the parish, made an interesting and appropriate address. Congratulatory letters were read from Bishop Tuttle and from Bishop Johnson, Coadjutor Bishop elect of the Diocese. The new church will be completed and ready for occupancy in the early winter.

SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

Rt. Rev. W. C. Gray, D. D., Bishop.

Ordained to the Priesthood.

On the Tenth Sunday after Trinity the Rt. Rev. Wm. Crane Gray, D. D., Bishop of Southern Florida, advanced the Rev. W. H. Cresson to the priesthood, in St. Luke's Cathedral, Orlando. The sermon was preached by the Bishop. The candidate was presented by the Rev. B. F. Brown, D. D., the Very Rev. L. A. Spencer, the Dean, being also present. The new priest will have charge of the churches at Courtenay and Merritt, and other mission stations on Merritt's Island.

EAST CAROLINA.

Rt. Rev. Robert Strange, D. D., Bishop.

Virginia Dare Day.

The Sacrament of Holy Baptism in the Church of England was first administered in America on 13th of August, 1587. The candidate was an American Indian named Manteo, and the place was Roanoke Island, in what was then called Virginia, but now is North Carolina. General Burnside's operations during the War Between the States were in the immediate vicinity of this historic locality.)

On Sunday, 20th of August, 1587, was baptized Virginia Dare, born on the 18th of August, 1587, the first American born child of English people, in this land. Colonists from England, sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, attempting a settlement, did there build a fort, which they called the "New Fort in Virginia," and traces of that fort remain on the north end of Roanoke Island until this day.

The old fort and its surrounding grounds of sixteen acres are now owned by the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association, a stock company chartered by the State of North Carolina, for patriotic and historical purposes.

Under the auspices of the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association, "Virginia Dare Day," 18th August, was again, this year, observed by a numerous gathering of the people of Roanoke Island and its neighboring country, and of visitors from Nag's Head, the near-by sea side resort.

The principal address was made by Mr. R. D. W. Connor, Secretary of the North Carolina Historical Commission, and this theme was "The Beginning of English Civilization in America, and the Contribution made to it by Raleigh, Grenville, Drake, White, Harriot and the other principal actors under Sir Walter." It was most interesting and held the attention of the large assembly.

To the regret of all, a violent rain-storm cut short the proceedings, and prevented the pilgrimage to the near-by site of old Fort Raleigh, where the programme was to be closed with the international hymn, "The Empires by the Sea," and the Benediction.

We "down-homers" think the time is coming, when England and America will delight to join in the celebration of Virginia Dare Day.

ROBT. B. DEANE.

Pres't. Roanoke Colony Memorial Association.

TENNESSEE.

Rt. Rev. T. F. Gallor, D. D., Bishop.

Christ Church, Nashville.

The Year Book for 1911 of Christ church, Nashville, is the record of a busy rector, assistant and congregation. The rector, the Rev. Henry J. Mikell, B. D., in his report says:

"During the year there have been 173 Sunday services held and 162 week-day services, a total of 335 services. There have been 113 public celebrations of the Holy Communion, and 8 celebrations in private. There have been 2 confirmations during the year and 34 persons have been confirmed. There have been 23 baptisms, 7 adults and 16 infants. During the year I have paid 620 visits. I have delivered 170 sermons, and addresses; I have attended or presided over 217 meetings. Since the last issue of the

Year Book there have been 97 additions to the communicant list of the Parish. There are now 868 communicants."

The book contains reports from the various parish organizations, all of which appear to be in active and flourishing condition.

Christ church is the largest and most influential parish in the Diocese. All the organizations of the parish have been unusually active and the parish is now stronger than ever before.

The Rev. J. F. McCloud, assistant rector of Christ church, Nashville, expects to spend September at his old home in Pennsylvania.

The Rev. Chas. Colmore, Dean of the Cathedral, Havana, Cuba, is spending several months with his family at Sewanee.

Mr. Samuel Sutcliffe, of the Theological Department of the University of the South, at Sewanee, for the past two months has, in the absence of the rector, been supplying Trinity church, Clarksville, Tennessee.

Among the Tennessee clergy attending the DuBose Reunion at Sewanee, the first week of August, were the following: The Rev. W. C. Robertson and the Rev. Loaring Clark, of Chattanooga; the Revs. W. C. Whitaker, of Knoxville; the Rev. J. C. Morris, of Memphis; the Rev. A. L. Seiter, of Franklin, and the Rev. M. P. Logan, D. D., of Nashville.

NEW YORK.

Rt. Rev. D. H. Greer, D. D., Bishop.

Professor Tyson, of Sewanee, at Trinity Church—Bishop Greer's Appointments—Changes in Population. President Taft to Speak to the Church Institute for Negroes.

Prof. S. L. Tyson, of Sewanee, is preaching a series of very strong sermons in Trinity church. Save last Sunday, when there was rain all day, attendance has been large, almost all strangers and not a few Church clergy from the West and South. Last Sunday, with three hundred present, in spite of rain, his sermon was on St. Paul's efforts to counteract the adverse influence of Jewish Christians who went to Galatia and did so much to undo what St. Paul had accomplished there.

The point of the sermon was the inability of men, by their own strength, to save themselves. He argued the necessity to live the life, not merely to recognize intellectual theology of the Christian. He was listened to throughout with intent interest.

Bishop Greer has issued his appointments for the coming year, and in them gives the new Bishop-Suffragan ample chance for usefulness. However, in an endeavor himself to know all parts of the Diocese, he takes a due share of the country appointments. The induction into office of the new Dean of the Cathedral, the Rev. Dr. William M. Grosvenor, is set down for Sunday, October 8. The Bishop will himself preach at the 4 P. M. service on Sunday, October 1, the last sermon there before the new Dean officially takes hold. It is said to be the Bishop's purpose to outline what has been accomplished to date by the Cathedral pulpit, and what, under the new Dean, it is hoped may be accomplished by it. The desire is to make the Cathedral pulpit a strong voice for Christ in an evangelical and missionary sense.

Marked changes in population are taking place on the upper West side

of Manhattan, from Seventy-first street north to Washington Heights. Some of the numbered streets, heretofore given up to the wealthy, who dwell in splendid homes, are changing into boarding houses, and at least two of the streets, supposed always to remain homes of the cultured, are rapidly changing into business thoroughfares. Then Jews in vast numbers are making money on the lower East side, and are migrating into this upper West side section. Hundreds of houses are changing hands, Christian to Hebrew, and some of the new apartments, rents \$3,600 to \$10,000 a year per suite, are half Jews as tenants almost as soon as they are opened.

It is the belief of those who have watched New York conditions for many years, and especially religious conditions, that within fifteen or twenty years many of the churches of the West Central Park section, northward to Washington Heights, will be down town in environment, with absolute dependence upon outside support if they are to remain. While New York conditions have been difficult in the past, it is predicted that they will be far worse. The wisdom of erecting large churches is seriously questioned in many quarters. There is no failure of Christianity. It is simply that people who do not believe in it are gaining control. Catholics suffer with Protestants, but not to the same extent.

The Rev. Robert Johnson, of Holy Trinity church, Harlem, has resigned and has accepted the rectorship of Trinity church, Bethlehem, in the Diocese of that name. He will enter upon his new work in October. The Rev. J. L. Scully, some time ago of Savannah, but for five years assistant at Holy Trinity, St. James' parish, this city, has resigned from September 1. For two months he has been priest in charge of the services at the Cathedral.

It is announced that President Taft will speak in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Sunday, November 12, at a mass meeting, in aid of the Church Institute for Negroes. The Bishop's meeting this year will not be held in Carnegie Hall, but in the Cathedral, and will have for its topic "Church Extension," the special significance of it being extension in the rural parts of the Diocese, in New York suburbs, and among the alien populations of this city.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Rt. Rev. A. Mackay-Smith, D. D., Coadjutor.

Bequest to Churches and Church Societies—Death of Mrs. Miriam Fisse Humphrey—Work of the Lay Port Chaplain—Death of Mr. James Christie.

The late Rev. William Ely, D. D., left an estate valued at \$54,500, bequeathed largely to his relatives, though he provided that \$500 should be given to the Bishop White Prayer Book Society for Advancement of Christianity in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Miriam Fisse Humphrey, who was during her life very active in philanthropic and Church work, entered into rest at her home in Germantown, on Thursday, August 24. She was a descendant of the old Fisse family in Philadelphia. She was a member of Christ church, Germantown.

By the will of the late Rebecca Bidle Dunlap, who died at her summer home in Maine, St. Peter's church, Bald Cliff, Maine, is to receive \$5,000; the Church of St. James the Less, Falls of Schuylkill, \$2,500; \$2,500 is also to be

placed in trust, the interest of which is to be used in caring for the family lot in the cemetery of the Church of St. the Less.

Mr. Frank H. Longshore, as lay port chaplain, working under the direction of the Bishop, has continued that work faithfully during the past year, meeting the vessels coming into the port, and advising immigrants and aiding them in various ways, to the number of 4,800. He is also a representative of the Fruit, Flower and Ice Mission. In addition he has served the Clerical Brotherhood as organist and at the Lenten and Friday noonday services at old St. Paul's church.

Mr. James Christie, a retired mechanical engineer, died at his summer home in Atlantic City, on Thursday evening, August 24, being within four days of having completed his seventy-first year. He was one of the organizers of St. Timothy's Hospital and House of Mercy, Roxborough, and continued on the board of managers until the end. He was a member of St. Timothy's church, St. Timothy's Working Men's Club and Institute, of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. He was also a vice-president of the Franklin Institute. At one time he was the President of the Engineers' Club, of Philadelphia. He was a member of the G. A. R.

The will of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Coleman Hall Boudinot, who died in Munich, Germany, on August 4, has just been admitted to probate. It carries a bequest of \$36,000 for the building of a Lady Chapel for St. Clement's church, in memory of her late husband. There is to be within this chapel a permanent inscription as follows: "Erected to the Glory of God, and in Loving Memory of Elias Louis Boudinot, sometime a vestyman of this parish; by his wife," \$5,000 is also to be placed in an endowment fund for the repair and maintenance of the chapel. She also provided contingent bequests of \$500 to the Female Benevolent Society of Carlisle, Pa.; 500 for the All Saints' Sisters of the Poor, and \$1,000 for St. John's church, Carlisle, Pa.

WASHINGTON.

Rt. Rev. Alfred Harding, D. D., Bishop.

Memorial to the Rev. Albert Rhett Walker—Return of Tourists.

The beautiful little St. John's church, at McLean station, near Langley, Fairfax county, Virginia, was, at the mid-day service, on Sunday, August 27, the scene of a brief but touchingly interesting incident and ceremony. Immediately after Morning Prayer, the Rev. David Barr, of Washington, the officiating minister, as spokesman for the donors, in a brief appreciative address, presented to the parish a massive and handsome brass lectern, "To the glory of God, and in loving memory of Albert Rhett Walker, Rector of this Parish, 1902-4." The donors were Mrs. Susan Hunter Walker, his widow, and his six surviving children, by his first wife, Mary E. Boone, only daughter of the first Bishop Boone, of China; Mrs. Joseph B. Seth and Miss Eliza B. Walker, of Easton, Md.; Albert Rhett Walker, of St. Louis, Mo.; William Boone Walker, of New York; Mrs. H. Stafford Murray, of Westmoreland county, Va., and Henry C. Walker, of Baltimore. The present Mrs. Walker was the daughter of James Hunter, deceased, a distinguished scholar and educator of Scotland.

Mr. Walker's short pastorate at St. John's, in which he was effectively assisted by his devoted and earnest-spirited wife, was signally successful and blessed; and loving memories of husband and wife linger in all parts of the congregation.

After two years service at St. John's, Mr. Walker was called to Maryland, where, as rector of Long Green parish, one of Maryland's choicest pastorates, he "served the Lord with gladness" for six years; and thence was called up to the higher reward by the Lord's "well done, good and faithful servant!"

Mr. Walker was born in Beaufort, S. C., where his father, the Rev. Joseph R. Walker, D. D., was rector of St. Helena's parish for fifty-two years. Mainly educated at the University of Virginia, he was in the class of 1860, Virginia Theological Seminary, but completed his Theological studies in the home of South Carolina's blind Bishop, Thomas F. Davis, D. D. Ordained both deacon and priest by Bishop Davis, he worked in that Diocese and also served as chaplain to the Confederate forces on the coast.

After the War, Mr. Walker returned to Virginia, as rector of Leeds parish, Fauquier, and also served in other parts of the State. Thence, he went to St. Peter's church, Perth Amboy, N. J.; then to St. Paul's, Newport, Ky., and then as Dean of the Cathedral of Easton, Maryland. Again in Virginia for several years, thence he returned to Maryland, in Baltimore county, where his interesting and useful career in the ministry of Christ and His church closed in the triumph of the Faith which had governed and blessed his long life. Born August 28, 1839, he entered the new life eternal on Sunday, December 4, 1910, from Trinity church rectory, Long Green, Maryland.

The gift of his memorial to St. John's, on Sunday, was but one day short of his 72d birth anniversary.

Without any previous understanding as to the service at St. John's, Mr. Barr's sermon pressed upon the people the necessity, the beauty and the power of "gladness" in the Christian service. And this was duly followed by a most joyous Holy Communion, at which Mrs. Walker was a participant. Mr. Walker's children could not be present.

The Washington Post's tourists, including the Rev. Edgar Carpenter, of Grace church, Alexandria, Va., and the Rev. Edward M. Mott, of the Church of the Advent, Washington, have returned, without an accident, and full of the wonders of their two month's European trip, as the honor-guests of the Capital's great daily newspaper.

W.

EASTERN OKLAHOMA.

Rt. Rev. T. P. Thurston, D. D. Bishop.

An Appeal From a Missionary.

The Rev. Isaac Parkin is a missionary in the mining towns of Lehigh, Coalgate and Atoka, and is desirous, especially, to reach the young people. To do this he appeals for a library for his Sunday School and for books for a free loan to older people, as well as the children. He asks for books or for money to buy them. He would also be glad to have religious literature for distribution. In his visitations he meets farm people and "prairie schooners," that is, wagons, with man,

wife and family, travelling in one direction or another; camping when night comes and resuming their journey the next morning. Religious literature, such as paper tracts, booklets, magazines, etc., might bring to these roaming people the message of peace and rest, and who knows how far-reaching the effects might be?

A parish room or hall would be a very desirable feature in the Church work, as it might be made attractive to the outside element, who are worldly and irreligious. But this is a hope for the future.

A magic lantern or stereopticon for use during the winter months would be a help, in cultivating in them an admiration for good deeds and a regard for the Church.

The men do not crowd the churches, but when there is a base-ball game on Sunday, it will have the larger congregation. And yet, when you can get in close touch with these men you find them a warm-hearted lot of fellows. To reach them we must get them to look at something that shows them a better way. While we pray for them, we must also act, trusting to God for the final result.

Our wants are many and we are poor; but I am sure God will bless the givers of any of the things I ask from the readers of the Southern Churchman.

ISAAC PARKIN,

Leigh, Oklahoma.

LONG ISLAND.

Rt. Rev. F. Burgess, D. D., Bishop.

St. George's New Gymnasium at Hempstead.

The outside work on the new gymnasium of St. George's Club, in Hempstead, is completed and the end of the week will see the windows in and the exterior of the building finished. The work was commenced in March of this year and every effort was made to hurry the completion. The structure was erected with funds furnished by Mrs. Edward H. Harriman, widow of the former railroad magnate, as a memorial to him. E. H. Harriman was born in the rectory while his father was the rector of St. George's P. E. church. It was in the village of Hempstead that the boy, who afterward was to dominate the railroad interests of the United States was born. His father, the Rev. Orlando H. Harriman, was rector of St. George's church at the munificent sum of \$300 per year. St. George's Club is conducted as an adjunct of the church, although membership in the church is not requisite for membership in the club. The rector of the church, the Rev. C. H. Snedeker, is president of the club. The sum of \$30,000 was given by Mrs. Harriman for the erection of the clubhouse. The club has an old wooden building in which there is a gymnasium, but with the completion of this modern building the club will have one of the finest equipped gymnasiums of its kind in the country. The structure is of brick, two stories high, and covers a 5,000-foot plot of ground. In the basement there will be a commodious swimming pool and there will be bowling alleys and a long running track. The paraphernalia for the gymnastic work will be of the most modern kind and will be sufficient to meet the demands of the club for years to come. On the second floor will be a large room which will be used for a hall, and in which the entertainments of the club will be held.

The upkeep of this building will be considerable, but the members of the club are now at work in an attempt to create a fund for that purpose. It is proposed to ultimately secure the services of an efficient physical director. It is expected that the clubhouse will be ready for occupancy the latter part of October, and the work on the interior will be done as expeditiously as possible.

The Rev. J. W. Gammack, rector of St. Paul's church, Glen Cove, L. I., and Mrs. Gammack, who have been in England since May, return early in September.

At the small chapel at Seagate, services are conducted during the summer by visiting clergy. On Sunday, August 20, the preacher was the Bishop of Long Island, the Rt. Rev. Frederick Burgess, D. D., who preached a forceful sermon on "Conscience," his text being Romans 2: 14, 15: "For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: 'Which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another.'"

SOUTHERN VIRGINIA.

Rt. Rev. A. M. Randolph, D. D., Bishop.
Rt. Rev. E. D. Tucker, D. D., Coadjutor.

Roanoke Sunday School Institute.

The Roanoke Sunday School Institute held an interesting meeting in St. Thomas' church, Christianburg, on Tuesday, August 22. There were present the rectors of Roanoke, Bedford City, Pulaski, Blacksburg and Christiansburg.

The address of welcome by Mr. Allen J. Harless, Superintendent of St. Thomas' Sunday School, Christiansburg, was appropriate and beautiful, making the delegates feel that they were welcome.

The reply to Mr. Harless' address was made by the Rev. J. W. C. Johnson, rector of St. John's church, Roanoke, and President of the Institute. It was appreciative and to the point.

At 11:30 A. M. the Institute proceeded to business. The general subject was "How to interest and Retain Scholars."

Mr. Julian Rutherford was the first speaker. He treated his subject by showing that "The service, special days and special ways" were of fundamental importance. The service, he said, should be brief but spirited; the hymns and tunes of such a character that the children could enter into with enthusiasm. The seasons or special days in the Church Year should be impressed on the scholars, through the instrumentality of object lessons, and that would, no doubt, produce an impression not easily done away with.

The next speaker, by appointment, was to be Mr. E. C. Michael, of Christ church, Roanoke. Unable to be present, he sent an admirable paper, which was read by Mr. Smith, the title being "By Equipment and Management." Mr. Michael showed conclusively, from a business man's view-point, how equipment and management were indispensable. To work properly there must be the necessary equipment—maps, charts, and the various methods employed in the kindergarten department. Also, the management must be systematic, thorough and decisive.

The next speaker was Mr. H. B. Jordan, of Bedford City. He spoke of Officers; their Duties and Labors." He emphasized regularity, punctuality, energy and patience.

An interesting and helpful general discussion followed the addresses.

The Institute then adjourned until 2 P. M., when the next general subject on the programme was discussed. It was "The Bible in the Sunday School." The first address was by the Rev. George Floyd Rogers, of Covington, whose subjects were "The Bible; the Indifferent Scholar and the Ordinary Teacher." Mr. Rogers' address was excellent and instructive, and held the attention of the Institute from beginning to end.

Several other speakers treated of the Bible, under the heading of "How used in the Various Departments."

Mr. W. E. Wolfenden, of Salem, read a short but good paper.

The Rev. R. I. Raymond, of Pulaski, made a clean cut and vigorous address on the Psychological Development of the Scholar as an important factor to be taken into consideration in imparting Religious or Bible Instruction.

Mr. Raymond was followed by Professor J. M. McBryde, Jr., Ph. D., of Blacksburg. He spoke of the Bible as Literature and the method of studying it, as such. His address was masterly and held every one present spellbound.

After these addresses there followed a general discussion, in which a number of delegates participated.

The Institute adjourned, to meet again at 8 P. M. Upon reassembling, a large congregation was present. The opening services were conducted by the Rev. J. W. C. Johnson. The Rev. Geo. Floyd Rogers spoke on "How to Make the Sunday School Count for Most." His address was full of matter for serious thought and was heard with attention.

The Rev. R. B. Nelson, of Blacksburg, addressed the Institute on "The Teacher's Pastoral Care of the Class." Mr. Nelson spoke in his characteristic and happy manner. His subject was admirably handled, and his remarks, at times, were full of humor and pathos.

The Rev. Dr. Mercer P. Logan, of Nashville, Tenn., was a visitor. He spoke with vigor and enthusiasm of the important place Teaching has had throughout past ages. His address was brief, in accordance with a suggestion of the chairman, but it was excellent. At its close, the chairman, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, remarked: "Dr. Logan, we are deeply indebted to you for your admirable address, and I feel as if it were a criminal act on my part to have mentioned the word 'brief.'"

On Wednesday morning, at 7 o'clock, there was a celebration of the Holy Communion. At 9 o'clock the Institute reassembled, this being the closing session. The speaker was the Rev. T. Carter Page, of Bedford City. His subject was "The Spirit and Preparation of the Teacher." He showed how mere head knowledge was all but useless, unless there were power—spiritual power. His remarks were deeply spiritual and most helpful.

Several other addresses were made before the Institute adjourned. The next meeting will be held in Bedford City. Altogether, this was one of the most interesting and helpful Institutes ever held in the Diocese. The Rev. G. Otis Meade, rector of the parish, and the Rev. J. W. C. Johnson, the presiding officer, deserve the thanks of all

for their exertions in making the Institute so great a success.

The gatherings were marked by the vigor and enthusiasm with which the speakers handled their subjects; and the hearty welcome and hospitality extended to the delegates by the Church people of Christiansburg, added not a little to the pleasure of the Institute.

Woman's Auxiliary Organized at Cape Charles.

Mrs. Mallory H. Taylor, Custodian of the United Offering of the Diocese of Atlanta, while on a visit, recently, to Cape Charles, Va., interested herself effectually in organizing a Woman's Auxiliary at Emmanuel church. Mrs. C. B. Jones was elected president; Mrs. R. D. L. Fletcher and Mrs. John Taylor, vice-presidents; Mrs. B. T. Kellam, secretary; Miss Annie Foster Fletcher, treasurer, and Mrs. James W. Wilson, Custodian of the United Offering.

Emmanuel is a neat and well-appointed church building, erected about twenty years ago. It is entirely free from debt, has 44 communicants, a Sunday School and a vested choir. All this without outside assistance.

During the year ending April 30, 1911, the congregation contributed \$56 to the Church Extension Fund of the Diocese, and sent a box valued at \$75 to one of the missions in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Cape Charles is a terminal of the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad. It is a growing town of about 2,000 inhabitants, many of them young men connected with the railroad and the large new workshops lately erected in the place by the railroad company. A large proportion of these young men and of others likewise employed are without Church affiliation, and could be brought into the Church if a resident clergyman were there to visit and talk to them.

The congregation is entirely free from debt, and the vestry and ladies of the Church believe that with a rectory they would be able, with a little assistance for a while from the Diocesan Missionary Society, to support a rector and contribute, besides, to the general missions of the Church. They have on hand, in their rectory fund, \$500, and the Ladies' Guild are appealing for aid in their laudable endeavor, to Church people outside of their parish. Surely their appeal is a reasonable and worthy one.

Contributions may be sent to the treasurer of the Guild, Mrs. James W. Wilson, or to Mrs. R. D. L. Fletcher, Cape Charles, Va.

Guild Organized.

A meeting of the ladies of St. Peter's Mission, Norfolk, was held recently, at the residence of Mrs. T. L. Moore.

Devotional exercises were conducted by Mrs. James L. Belole, of Ascension church, who also made an address on the work of the Guild; how and what to do to make it a success.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. J. J. Summerlin; secretary, Mrs. T. G. Story; treasurer, Mrs. T. L. Moore.

The Rev. G. Otis Mead is holding an eight days' mission in Franklin county, for the Rev. W. T. Roberts, rector of Franklin parish.

The Rev. Joseph B. Dunn, of St. Paul's church, Lynchburg, is a guest at the Yellow Sulphur Springs, and held services there last Sunday.

The Rev. Edmund Pendleton Dantridge, formerly rector of St. John's church, Lewisburg, West Virginia, will

enter upon his duties as rector of St. Paul's church, Petersburg, on Sunday, September 3.

On Wednesday, September 6, in Ascension church, Amherst Courthouse, Bishop Randolph will ordain to the priesthood the Rev. Charles Aylett Ashby, who is now in charge of the parish. The Rev. Wallace E. Rollins, of Sweet Briar, will preach the sermon and the Rev. Edwin R. Carter, of Lynchburg, and the Rev. Josiah R. Ellis, of Rockingham county, will take part in the service.

VIRGINIA.

Rt. Rev. R. A. Gibson, D. D., Bishop.

Mission at Columbia.

The Rev. Thomas Semmes, rector of St. Andrew's church, Richmond, is holding a mission this week, at Columbia, in Rivanna parish, Fluvanna county, of which the Rev. Martin Johnson is the rector. A preparatory service was held by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, on Monday morning, the Rev. Mr. Semmes preaching at the evening service and at the services following.

The Rev. George E. Zachary has accepted a call to St. Thomas' church, Greenville, Alabama, and will have charge also, of several adjacent churches. He will occupy St. Thomas' rectory in Greenville. Mr. Zachary has done good work during his diocese at widely scattered parts in Spottsylvania and Prince William counties, and regret is expressed at his departure from the diocese.

The Rt. Rev. Robert Strange, D. D., Bishop of East Carolina, will preach at St. Paul's church next Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. Dr. Strange was the rector of St. Paul's when he was elected Bishop.

The Rev. Edgar Carpenter, rector of Grace church, Alexandria, returned to his home on August 28, after a pleasure tour of two months abroad. Mr. Carpenter expressed himself as being well pleased with his trip and, probably, will lecture on his experiences in foreign countries.

WYOMING.

Rt. Rev. N. S. Thomas, D. D., Bishop.

Gifts to a Chapel—Sewing School for Indian Children.

The chapel at Fort Washakie has recently been presented with an altar cross made by members of the Knights of King Arthur, of Trinity parish, Rutland, Vermont, and also with a handsome set of communion linen, embroidered by Mrs. McClintic and Mrs. Gayer, of Monroe City, Mo. During the remainder of the summer, services will be held every Sunday evening in the chapel.

Rev. C. C. Rollitt recently spoke at the chapel on Sunday evening, giving an address on the Subjective and Objective Sides of Missionary Work. The chapel was well filled.

A branch of the Ministering Children's League has been started among the Indian children who come to the missionaries' homes to sew every week. The sewing school opens with a praise service in the chapel immediately across from the house.

The members of the Fort Washakie Guild have voted to send their old magazines to the reading room of the missionaries' house, to be given out to the Indians.

Family Department.

Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

"To-whit, to-whit, to-whew!

Dear me, dear me,
Who took four eggs I laid
And the pretty nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "moo-o;
I gave you straw and hay,
I did not take your nest away,
Not I," said the cow, "moo-o."

"Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow;
I gave you some of my hair
To put in your nest up there,
Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow."

"Not I," said the sheep, "baa, baa;
I gave you some white wool to-day,
I did not take your nest away,
Not I," said the sheep, "baa, baa."

"Not I," said the hen, "cluck, cluck;
Oh, I have not a chick
Who would do such a trick,
Not I," said the hen, "cluck, cluck."

A little boy heard what they said.
He ran away to hide his head.
He took that pretty nest.

—Jingle Primer.

The Back Pew.

Some of the most interesting people who ever go to church are those who approach remotely. Not often have we the kindest words for those who occupy the back pew, because that seat has too often been preempted by the unworthy. The giggling girl and the shallow-brained youth have come to think that the farthestmost seat under the gallery is their peculiar property, and have made the location odious in the eyes of the minister and of many Christian people. That they are unworthy occupants, all who attend church seriously have come to know. Not for an instant on their account would we defend the back pew. It has often a better, if less conspicuous, occupant. His wise pastor, who knows his congregation, has come to learn, and he is always watching for people who sit far back.

Even so Christ found the publican, who, "standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven." His location in the temple of God, as compared with that of the proud Pharisee, was indeed remote. But who that reads the story would have expected him to have been found elsewhere than where he was? It was his humility, due to his overwhelming sense of sin, that made him choose a place far distant from the front. For of any place in God's sanctuary he felt himself unworthy, and was glad to stand within its door and there pour out in penitence an acknowledgment of his sin. The most hopeless case of all was that proud man who occupied the foremost seat as if by natural right, who had no confession of sin to make, and could but tell God how good he was.

Times have not so changed that it is altogether different in the temple of God to-day. The hungry eye that looks at the minister from the rear pew of the sanctuary, and in its hungry looking fairly burns, is the eye that God often opens to see a vision of its Saviour. And that proud face of him who sits far up, whose dull eyes seem closed to all vision save that of his own goodness, and whose mouth opens

only to boast of the largeness of his giving, is really the hopeless case for which the minister can find no pleasing message in the pious platitudes of heavenly recognitions, for which the one so self-deluded is so ill prepared.

The Psalmist, in his distant day and in the intensity of his desires for the communion of the sanctuary, gave this utterance to his longing: "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." The person who sits near the door is not so humble as to be forgotten in the Church of Jesus Christ. The watchful pastor will recognize the possibilities of the past and keep his eyes open to the occupant of the "Nicodemus pew." He

often slips in unseen and escapes as early as the first that go may become, perchance, a loyal servant, who shall say plainly: "I love my Master. I will not go out free." And the minister shall be as the ancient master painted for us in Exodus, of whom it is said: "Then his master shall bring him unto God, and shall bring him to the door, or unto the doorpost; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever." And if thereby he seemingly is abased, it is only that he may be exalted. Far better is it to be the servant of God—as the apostle Paul would delight to say, "The bond-slave of Jesus Christ"—than to be a freeman in "the tents of wickedness." —J. B. Henry, B. D., in Nashville Christian Advocate.

The Supernatural.

The battle of unbelief is the same to-day that it has ever been. It fights against the supernatural in religion. Christianity's great Author was the most popular of teachers, so long as He was only a Teacher and Healer and human Friend. But when His earthly career approached its crisis and He was compelled to reveal himself unmistakably as God manifest in the flesh, the multitudes forsook Him and He went to ignominious death almost unbefriended. His chief and real offense was that "being a man, He made himself God." That is the "offense of the cross which is to the world foolishness." But that is Christianity's supreme vindication. If Jesus Christ were not a supernatural being, Christianity is not supernatural. But if Christ were more than human He must have been divine, and Christianity is a divine revelation. If it is divine, it should surprise nobody if it appears to have supernatural features. Would it not be surprising if it had not? If it had no uniqueness, no mystery, no revelations of unheard-of truth, would it not seem that it were probably the device of men? Why, therefore, do people balk at miracles and other supernatural things in this supernatural Gospel, especially so when they must observe that the most conspicuous figure in all human history is Jesus Christ, who can scarcely be accounted for on natural grounds? He is the world miracle. Christianity stakes its whole claim on the integrity and divinity of Him. Believe Him, and everything the Bible says is believable; reject Him, and it were futile to believe anything.

The Dear Ones.

The beauty of the evening;
The sunset in the west;
The shadows in the distance;
And the dear ones I love best.

The whippoorwill is singing
Near her lonely nest;
All is peace and calm and quiet,
'Round the dear ones I love best.

But, oh! the joy and the sadness
Which lies within my breast;
For I know I soon must leave them,
Leave the dear ones I love best.

Ah! tis hard: But God hath called me;
Called me to eternal rest,
"Thy will, not mine, be done,"
Bless the dear ones I love best.

Love best? not better than the Saviour
Dwelling in the mansions of the blest,
But most of all on earth I prize them,
Prize the dear ones I love best.

Not yet they know it; soon they must,
Father help them bear this test;
In thy tender care I trust them,
Trust the dear ones I love best.
E. B. S. in Christian Observer.

The Speaking of Madam Fulton.

Madam Fulton was dead. She had not been strong for some time, but nobody had dreamed that she was really ill. She had seemed her usual quiet self the night before, her maid, red-eyed with weeping, told people, but in the morning, when she went to call her, she found her—so. She must have been dead hours, the doctor said.

There were no relatives—nobody belonging to her, except the one middle-aged woman who had been at the same time servant and friend. Because of that, the funeral service was to be in the church. It seemed a pity, people said, it would be so desolate—just a mere handful of people in the church.

Then came the surprise. The church was nearly full. And it was not curiosity—the faces showed that each one had her own reason for coming. The surprise was when each discovered that so many other people had reasons, too. For Madam Fulton never had touched the little town's life intimately in any way; her very title had been given her because of her impenetrable reserve. Not a single woman there, except the one who had served her, would have ventured to call her a friend.

Yet—"I can't seem to realize that she's really gone," a woman said, after the tiny procession had passed out of the church. "I never felt that I really knew her at all, but when I look back over the years she's lived here, I found there wasn't a special thing in my life—a great joy or sorrow—when she hadn't sent a note. I have every one of them. They sounded so real—as if she knew and cared."

"If you had been in the minister's family you'd have realized," the minister's daughter said. "Some of you know how hard it is to collect missionary money, even after it has been pledged. She not only had it ready, but she always thanked us for giving her the opportunity to give. And so often, when father has been especially discouraged, she has sent him a word perhaps only a line on her card telling how a certain sermon had helped. Father said, when he heard she had gone, that he felt as if he didn't know how to preach without her."

"It wasn't only the minister." The grocer's wife had joined the group.

"There have been other people—a few—who paid their bills as promptly but there never was anybody else who always put in some word about the way we had served her. Tom said sometimes he thought he cared more about that than the money, because it seemed as if somebody appreciated how he tried, even though he failed sometimes."

"I wonder if she ever in her life failed to thank anybody." It was a thin, pale girl now, who worked for one of the milliners. "Of course we didn't do much for her because she didn't go out, but there never was a bonnet we made that she didn't say something nice about it. It saved me my place when I was just beginning—what she said about a bonnet I trimmed. I guess I ain't likely to forget her."

Mrs. Holcomb looked round the group. She was the most prominent woman in the church—a famous worker, inexhaustibly kind-hearted, but often wounding others by her quick speech or lack of tact.

"Friends," she said gravely, "I don't know what this means to you, but I know what it is to me. Do you realize that everything you have told is simply an instance of courtesy? I've always said pleasant words don't count much compared with what one did. I never can think so again after to-day. I never heard Mrs. Fulton speak anywhere in her life, but she has spoken to-day in a way some of us never can forget."—The Youth's Companion.

The Gift of Sincerity.

Take from a man every gift but sincerity: let him be blind and deaf and lame—let him stammer in his speech, lack education and good manners. Handicap him as you please, so you leave him sincerity, and he will command respect and attention. His work will endure. The world, which is always looking for the real things, will gladly overlook all his infirmities.

In every relation of life, sincerity is the secret of power. The salesman who does not himself sincerely believe in the merits of his goods, will generally be a failure. The man who sets about to fool other people must end—as he has, in fact begun—by making a fool of himself. The clergyman who preaches anything that his own soul does not approve need look no further to explain empty pews.

There is no virtue that more men believe in and fewer men practice. Many of us, it may be fair to say, are busily engaged in the utterly futile attempt to run a bluff on the rest of the world. From pillow shams and false fronts, to imitation marble buildings and watered stocks, things are quite largely not what they seem.

The chief anxiety of two many people is to keep up appearances. If they are poor, they must at any rate appear to be rich. When Jones, the wealthy brewer across the street, sets up a motor car, the Brown family puts a mortgage on the house and lets the butcher go unpaid to the end that they, too, may boast an automobile.

If they are ignorant, they at least affect culture. "We are going to spend the winter in Washington on account of its wonderful educational advantages," says Mrs. Jenkins. "We expect to put dear Alyce in the Smithsonian Institute."

Be a real man—not a shoddy sport or sham aristocrat. Be sincere with yourself, your friends and your work. With sincerity, a few talents and a little strength may go far. Without it, genius itself may fail!—Henry M. Hyde, in Chicago Tribune.

Patient in Tribulation.

God gives to each one of us the power of revelation by character. Prior to this gift comes the power to imitate. In Jesus Christ we see the ideal of humanity, and he teaches us to find in His life the Pattern of our own. Therefore, the Christian life is the Christ-life. St. Augustine tells us that the sum and substance of religion is to imitate him whom we worship. In such imitation lies the only evidence that we are worshipping in spirit and in truth. The Epistles for the Sundays of the Epiphany season point out to us how we can reveal the Christ by and in our characters. We are to consider one point to-day: He who would reveal Christ must be "patient in tribulation." No one feels the stress of life more than the disciple of Christ. The stress of tribulation may be felt in two ways:

Our Christian ideals are disputed or questioned. We are interfered with in the discharge of those privileges and duties which are suggested by our ideals. Sooner or later we all have to face a "reduced" Christianity, systems based on certain elements of Christ's teaching, but denying the mystery and uniqueness thereof. We have not far advanced along the narrow way before we are conscious of the activity and malignity of those who propagate ideals of living contradictory to ours. The stress arising therefrom comes to us all. What are we to do?

The very first thing we have to do is to learn to be patient. Consider the unceasing patience of Christ Jesus. And because He was patient, He was effective in demonstrating the absolute character of His ideals, and in fulfilling the privileges and duties arising therefrom. Impatience at once destroys the influence of the three theological virtues. He who gives way to impatience has lost for the time faith in God, his earnest expectation and hope, his faith in such a statement as this, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" and of course impatience is the denial of love to those who most need love.

In many ways we learn that love is the very embodiment of patience. He who is most patient is most loving, most hopeful, and most faithful. To be patient in tribulation is to be consistent. It is also the earnest of effectiveness. He discerns where fools are blind, He sees the weak points of the enemy, and in making good use of his opportunities he is bound to be effective. Consider the significance of patience. The patient man has a true grasp of the teaching of Jesus, he has a keen appreciation of the Person of Jesus, and He is eternally reliant upon the omnipotence of God and the Kingdom of God. To be patient then is to be Christ-like. And the patient man can truly say with St. Paul, "Not I, but Christ liveth in me." "To me to live is Christ."—Canadian Churchman.

O Lord, our God, so great is our life we may find that for which we look—the good or the bad. Send us into this day with eyes searching for the good. Beholding it may we admire it, and admiring it we shall become like it changed into the same image from character by the Spirit. May we be concerned more to do right than not to do wrong. Save us from a humility that is weakness and give us largeness of life without pride. May we want nothing so much as opportunity: opportunity to be, to do, to suffer. May we not strive for bigness but for fitness, and may our reception of the Christ be our forgiveness and our salvation for His name's sake. Amen.—T. C. Martin.

Carest Thou Not?

"Lord carest Thou not that we perish?"
Mark 4:38. "He careth for you." 1 Peter

"Carest Thou not?"—the poor disciples
cried:

Their bark was sinking 'neath the cruel tide;
The Master slept, nor seemed to care
How they might fare.

Carest Thou not? O Lord I cry to Thee
Alone and in the darkness I can see
No help, no light, no harbor near—
And death I fear.

"He carest for thee!"—The sleeping Master
woke,
And, King of nature, kindly words He spoke.
The stormy wind and sea obeyed:
Great Calm He made.

He cares for thee!—Where is thy faith, poor
heart?

Nor storm, nor tempest Christ and thee can
part;

His great deliverance thou shalt see—
He cares for thee.

He cares for thee! O wondrous, blessed
I know Thou carest for me gracious Lord;
My griefs and doubts flee at Thy will—
Peace! Peace! Be still!

—H. Douglas Spaeth.

The Optimism of the Bible.

The finest and purest expression of optimism is that which may be called Christian optimism. The warrant for it is found in every part of the Bible. The Word of God, its general purpose, and its scheme, are all constructed upon the fundamental principle of giving mankind that which is best. God's Word offers a substantial basis for the most confident hope. It declares the removal of the greatest obstacles to happiness. It presents a never failing source of new and vigorous life. In the foundation, the material, the agent, the development, the support and the crowning of life, its provision is both complete and adaptable.

One of the strongest assertions of this optimism is found in Paul's prayer for the Romans: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." Here is a series of words which rise one from the other, and in a splendid ascending scale, each one packed with the very best that man can look for, and each rich by itself. "Hope," "fill," "joy," "peace," "believing," "abound," "power," "the Holy Ghost." As one writer has put it, there are set forth here the creative ministry, and the created result, while strewn all along between the two are the successive developments in a glorious spiritual progression. The source is God, the God of hope. The instrumental means is faith, "in believing." The agent is "the Holy Ghost." The measure is completeness, "fill," "abound." The character of the word is its forcefulness, its irresistible nature, "through the power."

Such clear calls as this to trust the soul to Christ's keeping should take away all fear and disperse every cloud. "In believing" one has the right to trust the Saviour all the way through, to take the grace he first offers and then to rest in the confidence that Christ will keep that which has been committed to him, and that as one's day may demand shall his strength be, and that there is glory to crown it all. Such confidence will make him lift up his glad songs even in the night of adversity, when all the world seems to be against him and his feet fast in the stocks.

The Church-Going Habit.

The best preparation for life any young man can have who, from college or high school, or otherwise, enters the wider arena of the world's life is a church-going habit. Such a habit is a steady force in the young man's life, and brings him periodically into contact with the uplifting forces and sweeter influences, disseminated through the Church, which go to make existence intellectually intelligible and morally worth while. Few young men will go utterly to the bad who keep up the church-going habit.

But it is not the young alone who need this counsel. It is a word in season for us all. There are benefits to be derived from the church-going habit which are so enriching that he who deprives himself of them wrongs his own soul. Among them this is not the least, that through this habit of regular attendance upon and participation in public worship we are brought face to face with the perfect ideals and standards for life.

This is an aspect of the matter which no man can afford to neglect, and to the value of which no man can be insensible who seriously considers his needs. The necessity for a constant rectification and toning up of our ideals grows out of our relation to the activities in which so much of our time is perforce spent. Our work, our business, may be entirely legitimate, having no connection with things that wreck individuals and that fill the social system with disorder and pain. But the danger is that the constant concentration of thought on business and projects for money-making will end in centering our affections there, that the steady pursuit of the secular will react with secularizing and blighting force on our purposes and aims, and that our souls, like the fuller's hand, will at last be subdued to what they work in.

Along with this goes the possibility of deteriorated ideals from contact with men whose standards of conduct are purely conventional, who worship success, and who define success as gaining one's end, honestly if possible, but, at any rate, gaining it. Men of this sort are to be found in the world of business as well as men of sterling honesty and incorruptible straightforwardness, and it is not always given to any of us in the affairs of daily life to pick and choose our points of contact with men and society. The danger comes in the temptation to adopt some of these conventional standards of right and wrong for our own, our vision of the ideals for conduct which God has given us being lowered and obscured.

Now, it cannot but be of immense and vital moment to any men living in such conditions as environ us six days in the week to pass on the seventh into the house of God and feel the inspiration of the perfect and enduring ideals that are there placed before him. In all the offices of worship in which sin is confessed, righteousness magnified, aspiration kindled, and Christ set forth as Redeemer and Exemplar, he is recalled from the conventional to the eternal, and is reminded that behind and above all the shifting maxims of expediency there are the truths that abide forever, disloyalty to which involves a penalty for which no temporary success can atone. In making him feel afresh the beauty, truth and eternal validity of the Divine ideals for conduct and life, the steadily recurring worship of God's house is doing an inestimable service to the worshiper. Even though he falls from them again

and again, he is made to recognize their imperative claims upon him. They keep him in that condition of wholesome self-dissatisfaction that is at the bottom of all true progress.

Said an earnest Christian man: "I have to go to church every Sunday to keep my Christian life just passable. When I omit public worship I feel that my standard of living is lowered." In that confession we believe every one will join who is seriously trying to live up to his duties and privileges as a Christian in a world where there are so many contrary influences at work. To keep his life from falling under the control of lower purposes and aims he feels that he needs to open his mind and heart to the expulsive power of divine and perfect ideals as these are pressed upon him in the house of God.

What She Learned.

I thought it was a pretty fair sort-of telescope for one that wasn't very big," said Uncle Silas. "I rigged it up in the attic by the north window, and had it fixed so it would swing round easy. I took a deal of satisfaction in looking through it—the sky seemed so wide and full of wonders. So when Hester was here I thought I'd give her the pleasure, too. She stayed a long time upstairs and seemed to be enjoying it. When she came down, I asked her if she'd discovered anything new.

"Yes," she says. 'Why, it made everybody's house seem so near that I seemed to be right beside 'em, and I found out what John Pritchard's folks are doin' in their kitchen. I've wondered what they had a light there for night after night, and I just turned the glass on the windows and found out. They are cuttin' apples to dry—folks as rich as them cuttin' apples!'

"And actually that was all the woman had seen! With the whole heavens before her to study, she had spent her time prying into the affairs of her neighbors! And there are lots more like her—with and without telescopes."—American Messenger.

Tribulation and Patience.

In our experience much that perplexes us is often but the answer to our prayer. Sometimes we pray for patience and God sends us tribulation, and we forget that He has said, "tribulation worketh patience." Sometimes we pray for submission and God sends us suffering, and we forget that our Saviour, though He were a son, yet "learned obedience by the things which He suffered." We must be careful to try to interpret our experiences as God's answers to our prayers. When Mr. Gladstone was once asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart, what a man should chiefly look to as the power that will enable him manfully to confront his afflictions, his answer was, "I must point to something which, in a well-known hymn, is called 'The old, old story,' told of in an old, old Book and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind."

Let the weakest, let the humblest, remember that in his daily course he can, if he will, shed around him almost a heaven. Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness—these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value. Are they not almost the staple of our happiness? From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are supported by small kindnesses.—F. W. Robertson.

God's Vineyard.

God gave a vineyard unto thee,
He says, "Come, plant it now for Me."
Pull up the grass, root out the weeds,
Put in their places better seeds."

The garden is the heart, you know,
Wherein both good and evil grow.
Plant where the sun shines from above,
The sweet, delightful vine of love.

'Twill root down deep and climb up high,
Until its branches reach the sky.
And when you wake in Heaven above,
You'll find the perfect fruit of love.

—By Sylvia Louise Arrowood, Christian Observer.

How Girls Can Help Their Mothers.

Every girl, if she be not thoroughly selfish, is anxious to lift some of the burden of household management from her mother's shoulders on to her own; but, unfortunately, many girls wait to be asked to do things instead of being constantly on the lookout for little duties which they are capable of doing.

If you would be of any real use in the home, you must be quick to notice what is wanted—the room that needs dusting, the flowers that need re-arranging, the curtain which has a lost ring, and is therefore drooping. And then you must not only be willing to do what is needed, but willing to do it pleasantly, without making people feel that you are being martyred.

It is almost useless to take up any household duties unless you do them regularly. If you do a thing one day and not the next, you can never be depended on, and if someone has to be constantly reminding you of and supervising your work, it probably gives that person more trouble than doing it herself would cause.

Have a definite day and a definite time for all you do. The flower vases will need attention every other day, the silver must be cleaned once a week, and there should be one day kept for mending and putting away household linen. Begin, too, directly after breakfast and keep on steadily till your work is done.

If you begin by sitting down "just for a minute" with a book, or think you will "just arrange the trimming" on your new hat, the morning will be half gone before you know where you are.

A girl who has brothers, may spare her mother all those tiresome little jobs which boys are always requesting to have done for them, if she will only do them kindly. But a boy will not come and ask his sister to repair frayed-out buttonholes, and to make him paste for his photograph album, if she snaps and says he is always bothering. It is not easy work, but it is quite possible for the daughter at home to make sunshine.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Have a Home of Your Own.

They are a wise young man and woman who start out in their married life in a home of their own, in some place where they will have green grass about their house, even if it is only a few feet. It makes no difference how humble or how modest the house may be. The smallest box of a house with a plot of green is a temple of common sense compared to the finest "flat" or "boarding house" in the city. If there is anything appropriate in this life, it is that young people should live somewhere where each day they can see their own unfolding lives reflected in the unfolding workings of nature. There is no beginning, in the home sense, to a young married life so true, so wise, so lasting, and so

satisfactory as that. No life in a city is comparable with that which is lived in a small house with green things growing over and around it, where God's pure sunshine bathes and sweetens every side of the house during the day, and where the purest odors of soil and growing things are blown into the house while we sleep.—The Presbyterian.

Jewels of a Woman's Life.

There are so many jewels that may be worn day and night; so many gems that are always and only your own, that you need not grieve for those that show their brightness only by day. There is the jewel of Consideration, that you may wear just over your heart; there is the moonstone of Hope, that may glitter over your brow, filling your eyes with brightness; there is that brilliant stone of Sympathy, the emerald, that makes you put out your right hand of help; and there is the beautiful one of Loving Kindness, that makes the left hand help the right. But above all, overshadowing all, pinning down your tresses is the diamond of true Love—love which endureth all, suffereth all, hopeth all. Are not these better than jewels dug out of the earth? For, indeed, these jewels come from the heavens above.

Light into its darkness bring.

And from wrath to grace transplant it.

Healing for the serpent's sting

In this wondrous washing grant it.

Let this font, like Jordan's river,

From the leprosy deliver.

Shepherd, make this lamb Thine own;

Thou the Head, Thy member make it;

Way to heaven, its way make known;

Prince of Peace, with peace o'ertake it;

Thou the Vine, its life providing.

It, the branch, in Thee abiding.

Lord, we lay upon Thy heart

What our hearts have here been pleading.

All we yearn for, O impart,

Heavenward our petitions speeding.

Write the name that now is given

In the book of life in heaven.

—Schmolke, 1704. Trans. by Alfred Ramsey.

What Forgiveness Is.

Forgiveness that depends upon the penitence of the one who has done wrong is not forgiveness at all. Yet how often we hear people say that they would gladly forgive an offender if only he would show some desire for forgiveness. If they cannot forgive him while he is still bitter against them or utterly indifferent to their forgiveness, they cannot do so after he repents and seeks their forgiveness. For true forgiveness is not a matter of feeling, nor of purchase, nor of bargaining, nor of return for something received. It never waits until it is asked for. It is not a temporary thing. It is strictly defined by Mr. Johnston Ross, when he says, of God's attitude: "Forgiveness is not a sudden throb of mercy in the propitiated heart of God, it is the perpetual state of the divine heart, a divine hospitality open to all." Have we made our own that selfish, incessantly outgoing love which God shows toward us even while we are hostile or indifferent to him, and which he would have us always show toward all who need to see him in us? Let us secure the repentance of those who have wronged us by forgiving them before they want to be forgiven.—S. S. Times.

Home Happiness.

Probably nineteen-twentieths of the happiness you will ever have, you will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over and the feeling that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace and with his family, is something real.

It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house. You can make that one room a true home to you. You can people it with such moods, you can turn to it with fancies that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and it will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you shall ever transgress.

You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often not so difficult to love a person as it is to be courteous to him. Courtesy is of more value and is a more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will be but courteous to each other, you will soon learn to love more wisely, profoundly, not to say lastingly, than you ever did before.—Ram's Horn.

Charge for the Rich.

Here is a scripture for all lands and all peoples, and for some in particular who will read it in this place: "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." Following this solemn declaration of the truth, this injunction of the older apostle to his younger coworker is timely, indeed, and weighty: "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." (1 Tim. 6:9, 17-19.) Laying up for themselves—that is the word.

There are those who seriously think that they have brought an argument against Christianity when they have displayed the sufferings of good and the unselfish, and the prosperity of the wicked and the hard-hearted. That may be argument against theism; it is none against Christianity, for Jesus lived and died to show that such suffering, borne with love, was the true and divine life upon this earth; that it saved others, that it even redeemed the wicked from a life of ma-

Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

The Virginia Polytechnic Institute has just sent out notices to the effect that the matriculation fee for the coming session has been reduced \$10.00. Many improvements looking to better work and student comfort have been made during the summer.

This institution gives degree courses in agriculture, horticulture, applied chemistry, civil mining, mechanical and electrical engineering, metallurgy and metallography. It has 64 instructors, a library of 12,000 volumes and a farm of 1,100 acres. Special rates are offered to Virginia students.

Children's Department.

"As Regular as a Clock."

When things go just a certain way,
As steady as can be,
They're "regular as a clock," we say;
Now that's what puzzles me.

A clock's not regular at all;
I know this for a fact—
So don't depend upon it when
You want to be exact.

Now our clock, why, it's just as sure,
When I am having fun,
And bedtime hour is drawing near,
To break into a run!

And through the night it gallops on,
Until, to my surprise,
It's morning, and I know that I
Have hardly closed my eyes.

Then when I go to see the boys—
I often wonder why—
The hours go by so very fast,
They seem to fairly fly.

But, then, sometimes, when I'm in school,
It's just the other way;
The old clock goes so slow, so slow,
It seems the longest day!

And when it's near vacation time,
That is the worst of all;
It's slower than the slowest snail;
It scarcely seems to crawl!

A clock's not "regular" at all;
I know this for a fact—
So don't depend upon it when
You want to be exact.
—H. H. Pierson in July St. Nicholas.

Cap, The Fire Dog.

Cap had lived with the fireman ever since he could remember. He had been brought to the station when he was only a little puppy, and every fireman loved him, and declared that Cap was the wisest dog he had ever seen.

One fireman had taught Cap to stand on his hind feet and say, "Bow-wow!" whenever he was hungry. Another fireman had taught him to scratch the floor below the water faucet and bark when ever he was thirsty. He could walk on his hind feet, drink from the fire hose and drag the hose about whenever he was told to do so. The chief of the fire department said that Cap could do more tricks than any dog he had ever seen, and the best one of all he had learned to do without ever having been told to do it. The firemen slept upstairs over the station, in long rows of white beds, and whenever the firebell rang in the night, the firemen would spring from their beds, dress before you could say "Jack Robinson," run to the four large holes in the floor, and come sliding down the poles one after another; then they would run to the horses, which at the sound of the bell had found their places in front of the engine, the hook-and-ladder wagon, the hose-cart, buckle on the harness, and each fireman would spring into place ready to drive away to the fire. Cap longed to slide down the poles as the firemen did, but, of course, that was something no dog could do. So, if he happened to be upstairs, as he often was when the firebell rang in the day time, he would run to the stairway, clear the steps at three bounds, and spring on the seat beside the chief. But at night Cap stayed downstairs, sleeping very near the

telephone and the fire-bell; and, when the alarm sounded, the firemen would hear Cap's loud "Bow-wow!" almost as soon as they heard the bell, and no matter how quickly they dressed, they would always find Cap in his place ahead of them.

"He is the best fireman in the station," the chief would sometimes say. "He is always dressed and ready for work." And the firemen would laugh and pat Cap's head, and say that if they slept in their clothes as Cap did, they, too, would be ready and in their places in one minute.

But no fireman ever slept after the bell rang, and not one of them was ever known to say, "Wait a minute;" or, "I am too sleepy to go. Even the horses would run to their places in the instant they heard the bell, so Cap thought it his place to do the same.

One night there was a great storm and something happened to the telephone and firebells, so that they could not ring; and in the night time, when all was dark and still, and all the firemen and the fire horses were sound asleep, a house caught fire, and the policemen on the street corner ran to the telephone to call the firemen out.

The firebell tried its best to ring, but, instead of a loud "Ding-a-ling," it could say nothing more than "Bz-z." Not a fireman heard it. Not even a fire horse moved. "Bz-z," said the bell again. Cap suddenly opened his eyes and with a loud "Bow-wow-wow!" sprang to his seat in the chief's cart.

The firemen rolled out of their beds, each one asked: "Did you hear that? Did the firebell ring?" And the answer came: "No. it is only Cap barking; but he is certainly saying, 'Fire.' We had better dress and slide down, and see about it."

"Bow-wow!" "Bow-wow!" barked Cap. "Bz-z!" said the bell just as the firemen came sliding down the pole. "Fire!" shouted the firemen. "Cap was right. Come on!" and in a moment there was a clattering of many hoofs as the fire horses dashed to their places, the jangling of harness as it dropped into place on the horses backs, shouts of "Fire, keep out of the street!" from the policemen in front of the station, and "cling, clang, clang!" from the gongs of the engine, the hose-cart, the hook-and-ladder wagons and the chief's cart as they dashed down the street. The fire was soon found and put out; and when the people who lived in the burning house came out to thank the firemen and chief patted Cap on the head, and said: "Do not thank us. Thank Cap. He is the best fireman of us all." And Cap, who had never for one moment ceased his "Bow-wow!" wagged his tail and said, dog-fashion, "I did the best I could, but I am not a fireman; I am only Cap, the fire dog."—Kindergarten Review.

A Dump Boy Who Saved Sixty.

Fred. Evans was a boy who worked in the dump in an Illinois coal mine. One day there was a cave-in, and the earth and coal in settling imprisoned sixty men. The foreman of the rescuing party saw the small opening that the cave-in had left between the places where these men stood and the outer world, and he spoke to this boy to know if he would dare to help him. "The hole is just big enough for you to crawl through," he said, "and to drag a hollow pipe after you. You'll have to be mighty careful, or the coal will set-

tle and crush your life out. But if you can get it through to them, then we can pump air enough in to keep them alive till we can dig them out. Are you willing to try it?"

All Fred, answered was, "I'll try my best."

It was a six-hundred-foot crawl, and many a time it stopped, and those outside gave up hope, but at last there was a faint call through it that told them he was there; they began pumping air and water and milk through the pipe, and kept it up for a week, when Fred, and the whole sixty were safely brought out and given back to their families. He was only a boy, but these true stories of plucky boys, and their heroism and devotion, show that not only a prophet, but common, every-day people may hear the Lord's call to needed work; and that the answer reveals the kind of boy or girl or man or woman it is that hears it.—The Heidelberg Teacher.

The Guardian Angel.

"Of course everyone has guardian angels!" said Polly Hastings, looking about her as if defying anyone to contradict her; but the little group of boys and girls were willing to agree with her—all excepting Billy Brown.

"How do you know we have 'em?" he demanded, pushing his way forward and standing, hands in pockets, before her. "Did you ever see 'em?"

"Course not. No one ever did. But I know there are such things, because my mother says so," replied Polly valiantly.

Billy sniffed scornfully, and shrugged his small shoulders with a careless air. "What are they for, anyway?" he asked.

Polly was amazed at such ignorance. "Why, to take care of you, of course. You ought to be ashamed not to know that, Billy Brown! They watch over you and keep you from coming to any harm," she explained.

"Humph! Girls may have 'em, but boys don't," declared Billy. Boys don't need anyone to take care of them. They can do it for themselves."

"You'd better not talk like that, Billy Brown, or you may be sorry!" said Polly warningly. "If your guardian angel should go away and leave you because you don't believe there's any such thing, you'd be in a nice fix!"

"Pooh! how could they know whether I believe in 'em or not?" he asked.

"Oh they know everything," answered Polly quickly. "They can see you wherever you are, and they know when you're in trouble, and all about you."

Billy shook his head, for he was hard to convince. "How many of 'em do you have?" he asked doubtfully.

"Only one for each child," replied Polly, knowingly. "There are so many children on the earth I guess there wouldn't be enough angels to go around if each child had more than one."

"Well, I just tell you I don't believe there's any such thing!" said Billy, defiantly, and he walked away, leaving the children staring at each other in horrified silence. It seemed such a dreadfully rash thing to say!

It happened that a day or two later Billy's mother sent him over to Mrs. Jordan's house, on the other side of the town, to carry a little basket of jellies and dainties to Mrs. Jordan's sister, who was sick.

"Hurry, Billy, and be sure you come right back," his mother said. "I am sure it is going to snow, but if you don't stop on the way you will have plenty of time to get back before dark."

So Billy took the basket and started off, whistling gaily, and wondering if Mrs.

Jordan would have any more of that delicious gingerbread on hand. Then he began to think of the fun he would have if it did snow again. He and Bobby Morton were building a double-runner, and they hoped to have it finished in time for the next snowfall.

He had to pass Bobby's house on his way, and he decided that he had better stop in just for a minute, and see how the coaster was getting along. "It won't take me a minute to take a peep at her," he thought to himself. But Bobby had a great deal to tell him, and they were so interested that they forgot to notice the time, and it was already growing dusk when Billy left the house.

"Jolly! it's begun to snow already!" he shouted back over his shoulder to Bobby, waving his cap in delight. But he saw that he would have to hurry now if he wished to get home before dark.

Mrs. Jordan made him sit down beside her cosy fire, and warm his hands while she took the jars from the basket, and then brought him a big piece of smoking-hot gingerbread.

"I guess we're going to have another storm," she said, bustling back and forth. "I suppose you had to come around by the Main Road, didn't you? I hear the River Road is not safe now since the ice did so much damage to the bridge. They say the whole bridge may come down any moment. I hope you boys don't go near it!"

"Oh, I guess the bridge is all right, Mrs. Jordan," answered Billy, taking big bites out of the gingerbread. "And anyway, we fellows can look after ourselves all right, you know."

"I wouldn't take any risks, though," she answered. "And now I guess you'd better be starting back; it's quite dark outside. Tell your mother we're very thankful for the goodies, and I'm glad she's got such a manly little son."

As he plunged out into the storm, Billy wished he had brought the lantern with him. It was so dark he could scarcely see, and the keen wind drove the snow into his eyes, and made his cheeks sting. He tried to whistle, but the wind took his breath away, and he had all he could do to push along against it.

"It's a good thing I'm not a girl, or Mother would be worried," he thought to himself, and tried to walk faster, but he was going right into the face of the storm, and could not make much progress. Then he turned around and walked backward for a time, so that he should not have the wind in his face, but it was so dark now that he was afraid he would fall, so he had to face about once more.

"Guess we'll have plenty of snow for the coaster to-morrow," he thought happily, and was thinking what a jolly time they would have coasting down Miller's Hill after school, when he stumbled over something and almost fell.

What could it be? He stooped down and felt it with his hands. Why, it was the stump of a tree! That was strange, for he knew that there were no tree-stumps anywhere along the Main Road. He must have missed his way for a moment. Turning sharply to the right, he hurried on, but to his surprise he kept running into trees, and stumbling over other stumps that bruised his shoulders and knees, and scraped his face uncomfortably. He did not understand it at all. Where could he be?

There were plenty of trees on the western side of the town, but he could not be way over there! That was the direction of the River Road, but he had been walking along the Main Road! If only it were not so pitchy dark, and the snow were not so thick! He was lost! He could not tell which way he was going now, for every minute he grew more and

more confused. What would his mother think? He must hurry, or she would be dreadfully worried.

He tried walking first to the right and then to the left, then forward and then backward, but still there seemed to be no end to the trees, and there was no sign of the road. It was growing colder every minute, and the snow fell faster and faster, but Billy struggled bravely along, expecting every minute to reach the familiar road again. Then, all of a sudden, he heard a queer sound. A rushing roaring sound it was, that seemed from the darkness just in front of him. It must be the river. Then he was in the West Woods! But now he knew about where he was, for, if he could find his way to the River Road, he was safe. So he set out in the direction of the sound as fast as he could go, and very soon he stumbled into the well-known road.

"Whew! I'm glad!" he said to himself, as he plodded along, and before long his foot struck against the wood-work of the bridge, and he started quickly across. Half way over he stopped abruptly and listened again. There was something odd about the sound of the river. It seemed so very loud—and near! It must have risen very high to roar and dash against the supports of the bridge like that. Billy could feel the whole structure shake and tremble. He began to walk more slowly, wishing it were not quite so dark. He would have liked to see the tumbling waters, as they rushed along full of ice and driftwood.

Suddenly he seemed to step off into the air, and found himself falling down, down into the darkness! With quick instinct he flung out his arms and by chance caught one of the swaying wooden supports of the bridge, and there he clung with all his might until his breath came back to him, and he managed to swing up his legs and curl them about the support. He was dreadfully frightened, for he did not know what minute he might lose his hold and drop down into the river; but he was a brave boy, and he knew that he must try to keep his hold until daylight came.

His hands were numb with cold, and his head felt dizzy, but he began to think about a great many different things, and then he remembered what Polly Hastings had said about guardian angels. Could it be true that there were such things? If there were, why hadn't they kept him from falling through the broken bridge? What was it Polly had said? He remembered every word! "If your guardian angel should go away and leave you because you don't believe there's any such thing, you'd be in a nice fix!" Could that be what happened now? Billy's heart dropped like lead, and a lump rose in his throat. It was lonely there in the dark, with the water so near. Polly had said that, no matter where you were, the guardian angels could see you, and they always knew when you were in trouble. Could they see him now? It would not be so lonely here if it were really true.

"I guess they'd forgive me if I said I was sorry I didn't believe in 'em," he whispered; and then right into his mind there came some words that he had often heard in church and Sunday school, but which he had never understood before: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways!" Why, he knew what they meant now; of course! How stupid he had been before, but God would understand. He would surely send one of those angels to keep His child from the black river!

Billy's thoughts were growing hazy, and he was beginning to feel dreadfully sleepy. If only the angel would come before he had to let go! "Please hurry, dear God," he whispered; then suddenly a

bright light flashed in his face, and he heard his mother's voice calling to him. Something touched his shoulders, and the next thing he knew he was lying on his own little bed at home, with his mother bending over him!

For a moment he did not know where he was, but then he remembered, and smiled happily up into his mother's face. "God sent you to find me, didn't He?" he asked.

"Yes, Billy dear," his mother answered softly, stroking his forehead.

"Then I know what guardian angels are! They're mothers!" cried Billy, and flung his arms about her neck.—Agnes F. Chase, in the Young Churchman Soldier.

Don't Trouble.

There is a saying old and ready.
Good as any new;
'Tis never, never trouble,
Till trouble troubles you.

Do not borrow sorrow,
You'll surely have your share,
And he who dreams of sorrow
Will find that sorrow there.

If care you've got to carry,
Wait till 'tis at the door;
For he who runs to meet it
Takes up the load before.

If minding will not mend it,
'Tis better not to mind;
The best thing is to end it—
Just leave the rest behind.

Then, don't you trouble trouble,
Till trouble troubles you;
You only double trouble
And trouble others, too.

Learning "The Art of Rebuke."

When Bertha Norris announced her intention of winning her spurs in the world of business, there was genuine merriment on the part of her brothers and sisters. They said she was the family baby, and by no means fit for the ups and downs of business life. They also affirmed that she would never hold out for one straight week.

"Why, sis," said Bert, "you don't know what you're walking into. Wait till you're called here and there faster than you can think, and scolded more times than there are hours in the day, and I tell you, you'll wish yourself home, peeling potatoes in mother's kitchen."

But Bertha was not to be lightly moved from her purpose.

"I know what I'm about, and I'm no such china doll as you think," she said stoutly. "Mother says I can go to Miss Todd's for the Christmas trade, and then if I want to stay in business, I'm to get a permanent situation."

One week later, at 8 A. M., sharp, a rather nervous but determined young girl walked into Miss Todd's large book and fancy goods store.

"Good-morning, Miss Norris," the proprietor said cheerily, "you may just arrange that table of calendars whatever way you think will best attract and make business. Use your head and think out some first-class form of display."

For a full moment Bertha felt as though her wits had gone wool-gathering. She had expected to sell pretty, flax-haired dolls and all the new books with their dainty new bindings. This work she was sure she could have done fairly well, even from the very first. Hadn't she planned to be a perfect paragon of patience and cheerfulness, and weren't all her faculties devoted ahead to the glorious work of selling goods for Miss Todd? And here she was, set down to

something that, strange to say, had never even figured in her dreams. There was one thing, however, that, in a tight corner, always stood Bertha Norris in good stead—she could pull herself together. Flight was something that was never on her schedule. And so, on walking down to the calendar table she surveyed the situation for a full two minutes, and then, quite conscious that some of the older clerks were watching her curiously, she began to set forth her goods.

A half-hour later, Miss Todd came down and critically viewed the work.

"Your general plan," she said promptly, "is decidedly good, and I think anyone would stop before such a pretty display as this."

Then she paused a moment before adding, in a matter-of-fact tone, "We'll just exchange this back row, and put these 'Good Cheer Calendars' in the very front. At Christmas time, you know, there is nothing that attracts and holds calendar customers like cheery, gladsome words of greeting."

Bertha knew her display had been praised, and she also knew it had been found wanting at one important point, but so skilfully had praise and blame been blended there was absolutely no sting.

Later on that first eventful day, it fell to Bertha's lot to show china cups and saucers to an old lady who wanted "a fine, sensible one for pa." After all the newest and finest china had been faithfully displayed, and there was no sign of a sale, Miss Todd, who was always credited with having eyes all about her head, came briskly to the rescue. Reaching back on to a shelf, she produced an old-fashioned cup and saucer. Roomy common sense was written all over them, and despite the fact that they weren't even suggestive of anything artistic, the old lady's eyes began to glisten and in five minutes she was carrying home these same unesthetic treasures.

"I think we've really pleased and satisfied old Mrs. Giles this time," Miss Todd said with a smile, and then she added cheerily, "You'll know, Miss Norris, after a while, what treasures are hidden away back on the shelves. They are our yesterday's bread, and of course, we try to get rid of it before we touch to-day's."

"But that cup was so ordinary-looking," Bertha pleaded in extenuation.

"Not to old Mrs. Giles," Miss Todd said firmly. "She liked its hominess better than all the new goods you showed her, and it was worth far more for us to get it off our hands; but your patience in showing things pleased me very much."

Again Bertha knew she had been rebuked, but who could mind such tactful correction?

When at last, on Christmas morning, her month's probation was really over, and a family report was called for, this young business woman said with much dignified decision, "Well, to begin with, I'm going back to business, sure, just as soon as somebody will have me."

Bert whistled, and there was a general air of interrogation abroad.

"Tell us what you've really learned," her sister Mary said, with good-natured tolerance.

"Well," came the prompt answer, "I've learned how to step around pretty briskly, and how to wait on some very tiresome customers, and of course how to do up parcels neatly and properly display goods."

"Fine! You may be the hope of the family yet. I believe you know more than I do, after a whole year of selling groceries."

It was James who made this generous remark, and Bertha smiled and then said quite gravely:

"But that isn't all I've learned."

"Well, dear," said the mother, "tell us the whole story. What other fine bit of knowledge have you stored away?"

"I've learned something about the art of rebuke."

"The art of rebuke?"

Everybody wonderingly repeated the words, and Bert said solemnly, "Well, I never knew there was any fine art about blaming people."

"You'd think there was, if you had worked for a whole month in Miss Todd's store," Bertha said enthusiastically.

And then, of course, she told the whole story.

"Miss Todd hardly ever blamed any of us, unless she first praised us a little, and one day when I plucked up courage enough to ask her how this was, she said, 'No one who doesn't deal largely in honest praise is fit to rebuke.' And even when she just couldn't praise some of our work, she reproved us so beautifully that there wasn't a bit of sting left. And so, along with a lot of other useful things, I couldn't very well help learning something of what I call the art of rebuke."

A great silence followed upon the heels of this final bit of Bertha's business report, and then Mother Norris said quietly:

"I wouldn't wonder, dear, if this was really the best part of your month at business. To learn the art of rebuke is surely to master one of life's rarest, finest lessons."—Rose E. Wakefield, in *Girls' Companion*.

Marjorie's Summer Trip.

Come, Dolly, it is the summer-time;

The weather is so hot

We must pack the big old family trunk,

And find a cooler spot.

Suppose we try the beaches,

And there, down by the sea,

We can build a pretty house of sand,

For "Pugsey," you and me.

Then we can gather sea-shells,

And, perhaps, some pebbles, too;

Then find some funny seaweed,

And play it's something new.

I'm busy now; I have to pack—

And I must get the lunch;

We'll want some popcorn and some nuts,

And grapes, a big, big bunch.

Then I must ask old Ricker

To find the chain for Pug,

So we can take him with us

In grandma's old gray rug.

It's quite a job now Dolly dear,

To care for Pug and you;

But they'll drive us to the depot,

Where we take the train "Choo! choo!"

Yes, Hector will be lonesome,

But he'll be good and stay,

To watch the doll house and the swing

While we are far away.

And when the summer's over,

And our vacation, too,

We'll all come back to our dear old home,

To the house I built for you.

—Lois Fox in *July St. Nicholas*.

What A Little Girl Found.

Once there was a little girl who lived in a big city. Once, also, there was a saucy, perky little wren that lived away out in the country. The little girl had never seen the wren, and the wren had never seen the little girl, and the story might stop just there if the little girl had not gone to the big farm for a visit.

At first there were so many things to be seen on the farm that the little girl did not notice the wren at all. But the wren noticed the little girl, you may be sure, and flew away very unsocially whenever she came near.

There were wonderful things on that farm, things which the little city child never forgot even after she grew up, for this story happened a long time ago. There were dozens of fluffy little chickens and ducks, and velvet-eyed calves and colts, and no end of puppies and kittens, but the happiest day of all to the little girl was the day she found the pretty wren and made her first friend among wild birds.

One morning the farmer's wife called her small visitor to her and gave her a tiny piece of bread. "Go up to that little tree," she said, "and take this piece of bread with you." So the little girl went up to the tree which the farmer's wife pointed out, wondering what was going to happen. It was a hollow tree, and when she looked down into the small hole in the trunk it looked so dark inside that she drew back a little afraid. Then the farmer's wife laughed. "Now," she said, "knock on the trunk of the tree, and then see what will happen." "Will fairies come out?" asked the little girl, for she was forever hunting for elves and pixies down by the brook and out in the meadows. "Knock and see," said the farmer's wife.

So the little girl knocked very gently on the trunk, and out popped a saucy little feathered head. "O-h-!" said the little girl in delight and held out the bit of bread. The pretty wren looked very eagerly at the bread, for it had a nestful of hungry birdies in that hollow tree. "Please take it," said the little girl coaxingly, and the wren must have understood, for it accepted the gift very daintily and disappeared with it. And every morning all summer long the wren appeared whenever the little girl knocked at its door, and they grew to be the best of friends, just as birds and little folks were meant to be, of course. Picture Lesson Paper.

Making Hard Work of It.

Mark stood watching while Tom was mowing the lawn. Tom was very slow about it, he thought. Every now and then, he stopped to rest and rub his arms. "Come on; hurry up," begged Mark, who had plans for the morning which included his friend.

"I can't do it any faster. It's hard work," Tom complained, and at last Mark climbed down from his post of observation on the steps and took the handle of the mower himself. It was hard work, far harder than it should have been.

"I know what's the matter," Mark exclaimed, "the mower needs to be oiled. That's why it seems so hard."

But Tom didn't know where the oil can was, and privately he thought it was too much bother to stop to oil the mower, anyway, and so he continued to make hard work of what might as well have been simple and easy.

A great many boys and girls make a like mistake. When you have a piece of work to do, the way to do it quickly and easily is to fix your attention on it. Application is like the oil that makes the lawn-mower run easily. Whenever you do half-hearted, uninterested work, you are doing hard work which might just as well be easy. Try it next time and see.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.

Personal and News Notes.

The Rev. C. B. Sturges, with his wife and daughter, is spending his vacation in Atlanta, Ga.

A new and beautiful organ is about to be placed in Christ church, Reading, Diocese of Bethlehem.

A reception was given to Bishop Nichols, of California, at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, on August 31.

The sixty-fifth annual Council of the Diocese of Milwaukee, will be held at the Cathedral, Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 2 and 3.

The Rev. Edward S. Doan, rector of St. James', Marietta, Ga., has returned to his parish after a month's vacation at Sewanee, Tenn.

The Rev. Clarence H. Beers has accepted the rectorship of Christ church, Bethlehem, Conn. His P. O. address is R. F. D., Washington, Conn.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, D. D., Bishop of Los Angeles, recently left California for Europe, to be away until the latter part of October, or first of November.

The Rev. Clayton M. Ledge, of Toronto, has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. Andrew's church, Brooklyn, vacated by the death of the Rev. William N. Ackley.

The Rev. W. P. Williams, of Oskaloosa, Ia., and the Rev. W. D. Williams, D. D., of Iowa City, Ia., are spending their holidays together in New York City.

The Rev. Dr. Carl E. Grammer, rector of St. Stephen's church, Philadelphia, is traveling in Europe with his wife and daughter. They will return about the middle of September.

The address of the Rev. James D. Gibson is changed from Wellsburg, West Va., to Berkley, Va., where he entered upon his new duties, on September 1, as rector of St. Paul's church.

The Rev. Guy W. Miner, of the Norfolk suburban pastorate, Mass., has received the gift of a motor car to enable him to be still more efficient in his extensive field, which includes, in whole or in part, nine townships.

The Rev. George C. Abbott, rector of Grace church, Hopkinsville, Ky., has recently undergone a surgical operation at the Norton Infirmary, Louisville. His many friends will be glad to know that he is rapidly recovering, and it is hoped will soon be well enough to resume his duties.

Grace church, Paducah, Ky., the Rev. Clinton S. Quin, rector, was recently entered and robbed of altar vases, clothing belonging to the rector, and other articles. Mr. and Mrs. Quin and their infant have returned from a vacation spent at Ocean City, N. J., and with relatives in Louisville.

Mr. Nathan W. Sallade, a prominent and active Churchman of the Diocese of Fond du Lac, died on August 17, from taking, by mistake, a dose of cyanide of potassium for soda. Mr. Sallade was chancellor of the Diocese, one of its trustees, the legal advisor of the Bishop, and for four consecutive times a deputy to the General Convention.

Mrs. Susanna Keith (Pratt) Tobey, the oldest communicant in the Diocese of Massachusetts, died on August 7, in

the 101st year of her age. She was a devoted member of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Wareham. It was due chiefly to Mrs. Tobey that Church services were established, and a church building erected in the town nearly thirty years ago.

Bishop Johnson has appointed the Rev. R. Renison, of St. Mark's, Los Angeles, to the position of missionary-in-charge of all the places along the line of the Sante Fe Railway, between Los Angeles and Needles, including the following towns: Victorville, Ora Grande, Ludlow, Daggett, Barston, Needles, and many other places where no Church services have yet been held.

The Rev. William W. Conner, for twelve years a minister in the Presbyterian church, was ordained to the diaconate by Bishop Brewer, of Montana, in St. Luke's church, Belt, on August 8. Since his confirmation by Bishop Brewer he has, as lay-reader, been taking the services in the missions of Belt, Neihart, Sun River and Choteau, under the direction of the rector of the parish in Great Falls, and will continue this work for the present.

A hurricane swept over Charleston, S. C., and its vicinity, on Sunday evening, August 27, doing much injury and causing the death of a number of persons. The roofs of St. Michael's, St. Paul's and St. Mark's churches were partly torn off and means of communication with St. Andrew's parish, across the Ashley river, were cut off by injuries to a bridge.

By direction of the Bishop of Maryland, president of the Third Missionary Department, the first meeting of the Sunday School convention of the Department will be held in Philadelphia, on Thursday, October 12th. The place for the meeting, with other details, will be stated later on in the Church papers, and in the notice to each of the delegates.

The Rev. Walter D. Buckner, D. D., Dean of Trinity Cathedral, Little Rock, Ark., has been called to the rectorship of Calvary church, Memphis, Tenn., to succeed the Rev. James R. Winchester, D. D., Bishop-Coadjutor-elect of Arkansas. Dr. Buckner will investigate the field before making his decision.

On the last Sunday in September, a window will be placed in St. James' church, Baltimore, Md., in memory of the late Bishop Paret, by members of the congregation who were confirmed by him. The Sunday named is the one nearest the 85th anniversary of the birth of Bishop Paret. Beginning on October 8, services will also be held in St. James church, commemorative of the 85th anniversary of the church and the 20th anniversary of the present rector, the Rev. George F. Bragg, Jr., D. D.

The churches in Atlanta were supplied, during August, as follows: The Rev. W. S. Poyner, of Columbia, S. C., at St. Luke's; the Rev. G. I. L. Gordon, of Cartersville, at the Cathedral; the Rev. Herbert T. Woodward, at All Saints'; and the Rev. Russell K. Smith at the Holy Comforter. Bishop and Mrs. Nelson are spending a few weeks on the coast of Maine. Dr. C. B. Wilmer and Mrs. Wilmer, are at Kennebunkport, Maine, the Rev. W. W. Memminger and Mrs. Memminger are at Flat Rock, N. C.; Dean Pise, of the Cathedral, is at Aquone, N. C.; the Rev. John D. Wing is in Washington, D. C.

Captain John Eager Howard, a well known citizen of Baltimore, died at the Church Home, in that city, on August 12, aged 84 years. Captain Howard's health had been bad for several weeks, and while temporarily deranged he shot himself, dying from the effects of the wound. He was buried from Christ church, Baltimore, on August 15, the rector, the Rev. Edwin B. Niver, D. D., officiating. Captain Howard was the grandson of General John Eager Howard of Revolutionary fame, and grandson, also, of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner."

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RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the vestry of St. Peter's church, Poolesville, Md., August 21, 1911, it was

Resolved, That a letter be sent to our late pastor, the Rev. WALTER P. GRIGGS, who had so faithfully served us for the past twenty-two years. The young who came under his influence have gone out into the world better men and women, because they had been touched by the unselfish sympathy of a truly good man. He was polite and generous, and it always gave him pleasure to do an act of kindness by which he could make others happy. In his quiet, gentle way he went among the poor, visited the sick, always trying to help the needy. He will be sadly missed, not only by his church, but by the whole community.

Resolved, That the above letter be spread on the parish records, and be sent to the Rockville Sentinel, and Southern Churchman for publication.

H. M. DAVIS, Registrar.

Clergyman Wanted.

Correspondence invited with a Clergyman desiring a charge in a rural community. One with a small family preferred. Address Vestry WILLIAM AND MARY PARISH, Newburg, Md.

Pews Needed for a Mission Church.

Twenty-six pews, seven or eight feet in length, are needed for a mission church. Any congregation, having seats of this kind now in use and willing to give them for the purpose named, would aid a good work by sending information to the Southern Churchman.

Chaplain Wanted.

Wanted—For the Boys' School in the District of Kearney, a chaplain, able to teach the classics. Address the BISHOP OF KEARNEY, Kearney, Neb.

Assistant Priest Wanted.

We are seeking an Assistant Priest for the magnificent new Denver Cathedral; young, unmarried. As we have full Cathedral Service he must be musical. His role will be chiefly the Sunday School, Brotherhood work and the Choir boys; the latter he should mainly train.

Churchmanship is immaterial provided he is an earnest Christian man.

Salary \$100 a month to begin with. Address DEAN HART, Denver, Colorado.

DIED.

HARRISON.—Died at Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania, August 18, 1911, after a lingering illness, Mrs. LOUISE TRIPLETT HARRISON, widow of Charles K. Harrison, of Baltimore, and only daughter of the late Belling W. Haxall and Anne Triplett Haxall, of Richmond, Virginia.

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APPEALS.

The Pension and Relief of the Clergy, Widows and Orphans.

During the past year the Trustees, under the insistent pressure and appeal of numerous Bishops, Clergy, Widows and Orphans and Beneficiaries needing more help because of the increased cost of living, have largely increased the list of pensioners and the amount of pension.

By reason of the diversion of offerings to other lines of clergy relief, not so immediately pressing and the falling off of legacies, etc., the receipts of the General Clergy Relief Fund have not increased as they should and as the Trustees had a right to expect, and unless a goodly amount is received during this summer season the Trustees will approach the quarterly payment to beneficiaries, October 1st, with a deficit. It will be necessary to reduce payments, refuse grants and cut some off entirely. This will be nothing short of a calamity to between five and six hundred worthy people.

Our July quarterly payment to beneficiaries amounted to nearly \$27,000. The October payment will be about the same. We therefore appeal with great earnestness for an offering from you and as large as you can make it.

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Annual Ephphatha Reminder and Appeal.

The Southern Missionary begs the privilege of again calling the attention of Rectors, Vestries, Guilds, Women's Auxiliaries and of Church people generally, to the great needs of the work among Deaf-mutes. The Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, known as Ephphatha or Deaf-mute Sunday, falls this year on September 3. All offerings sent to the General Missionary will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged by him. The gifts received last Ephphatha helped the work to a very great extent.

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WANTED—POSITION TO TEACH SMALL children English and French. References exchanged. Address Miss S. K. Gordon, Corbin, Va. 2sep-1t*

WANTED—AN ELDERLY LADY, LIVING alone, seeks a younger woman to help her in her home work, which she is not now able to do herself. Address E. S. W., Box 318, Oakmont, Pa. 2sep-3t*

WANTED—YOUNG LADY WANTS POSITION as companion to invalid lady or as governess in private family—girls between ages of eight and twelve years. Teaches English and music. Box 146, Graham, Tazewell county, Va. 2sep-5t*

WANTS.

WANTED—BY A YOUNG LADY, A POSITION as governess for small children. Will teach English, mathematics and music. References exchanged. Address, Miss Edith Cary Bowen, Moorefield, West Va. 2sep-4t*

WANTED—A LADY OF SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE in teaching, fond of children, earnestly desires a position to teach small children; or as companion. Address Teacher, Willow Brook, Va. 2sep-2t*

WANTED—A YOUNG LADY DESIRES POSITION to teach English and music in private family. References exchanged. Address Box 21, Sterling, Va. 1t*

WANTED—A POSITION AS GOVERNESS in a private family. Public and high school branches. References exchanged. Address Box 18, Broadrun, Va. 2sep-3t*

WANTED—COMPETENT PERSON AS mother's helper for three young children. No teaching. Nurse maid to assist. Reply No. 206, Southern Churchman. 2sep-1t

WANTED—BY A MATURE, EXPERIENCED lady teacher, position in school or family. Higher English branches, advanced French and German, intermediate Latin. Careful and thorough in musical training. Particular attention to young pupils. Address Fundamental and Classic, care Southern Churchman. 1t*

WANTED—A GRADUATE MASSEUS AND practical nurse desires position. Can give best references. Address Miss C. 11 South Madison St., Staunton, Va. 2sep-4t*

WANTED—A POSITION AS NURSERY governess or companion. Can teach all English branches, Latin and French. References exchanged. Address Miss M. M. Ambler, Jr., Hume, Va. 2sep-3t*

WANTED—AT ONCE, A NURSE FOR A Mission in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Episcopalian. Willing to devote herself to mission work and district nursing. Splendid opportunity for usefulness. For particulars and further information address Rev. Willis M. Cleveland, Stanardsville, Greene county, Va. 2sep-3t

WANTED—A LADY, OLD VIRGINIA FAMILY, wishes a position as companion or governess. References required and given. State terms. Box 216, Louisa, Va. 2sep-3t*

WANTED—ENGLISH GENTLEWOMAN seeks position as companion. Experienced. References exchanged. Miss O. M. Nuthall, Bedford City, Va. 26au-3t*

WANTED—POSITION AS TEACHER IN private family, for children from five to twelve years. Miss Gover, Round Hill, Va. 26au-3t*

WANTED—A TEACHER WITH SUCCESSFUL experience wishes a position to teach in a Church school or institution. References exchanged. Address Miss Mary L. Douglas, Warsaw, Richmond county, Virginia. 26au-3t*

WANTED—ENGLISH GENTLEWOMAN desires a position as teacher in a private family. Address Miss E., Box 85, Blumont, Va. 19au-3t*

WANTED—A POSITION IN A PRIVATE family, to teach the usual English branches and beginners in Latin. Address Box 20, R. F. D. No. 2, The Plains, Fauquier county, Va. 12au-3t*

WANTED—A COLLEGE GRADUATE who is an experienced and exceptionally thorough teacher desires position as governess. Usual public school subjects. English grammar and German specialties. Latin to beginners. Excellent testimonials. References desired. Address No. 205, Southern Churchman.

WANTED—BY YOUNG LADY OF EXPERIENCE position as teacher in private family. Usual English branches, Latin, French and music. References exchanged. Address 202, care of Southern Churchman. 12au-3t*

WANTED—A COMPANION NURSE FOR invalid lady, to live at beautiful resort. Expenses and small salary. Very desirable home. Address 208, care Southern Churchman. 2sep-2t*

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Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the is the handle that fits them all.—Dr. Holmes.

Every soul on its way to Eternity has its appointed times and seasons for good, which, if they be allowed to pass away, shall never return again.—Keble.

Every life is a garden of flowers or weeds or mostly stones. Cultivate it. Cultivate love, truth, and all the virtues if you wish to be beautiful.

You will never lead souls heavenward unless climbing yourself. You need not be very far up, but you must be climbing.—Bp. Walsham How.

The greatest need in our Church to-day is men, more men, to enter our many mission fields, which are so ripe for the harvest. Let our young men ask prayerfully, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me do?"

Sin must be exterminated in our hearts and lives before we can be presented before the great white throne. The blood of Jesus Christ alone can cleanse us from the guilt and power of sin, and make us fit to appear before the judgment seat of God.

In how small a world that one lives whose sole thought is self, and whose measure of everything is the way in which it affects himself! And the worst of it is that in such a world the horizon contracts more and more as the days go by.

A man who lives right, and is right has more power in his silence, than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.—Phillips Brooks.

The situation which is exactly to our liking has not yet been discovered. Most people go in search of it but no one finds it; and the wisest thing is to play the man in the place you are in, while you are in it, until you are called to play the man in the better place.—J. G. Greenhough.

Little faithfulnesses are not only the preparation for great ones, but little faithfulnesses are in themselves the great ones. The essential fidelity of the heart is the same whether it be exercised in the mites, or in a royal treasury; the genuine faithfulness of the life is equally beautiful whether it be displayed in governing an empire or in writing an exercise.—F. W. Farrar.

We must lose no opportunity of doing good to the souls and bodies of those whom God's good Providence has put under our care, because, if we miss it by our own fault, it may never again be allowed us; the persons whom God intended us to profit may be taken out of our reach, may be taken into another world before they come in our way again.—Keble.

We must not at all fret; we must not too much disturb ourselves, when our comforts seem to be withdrawn, and we to be left to our own weariness. It were wrong to fret, though we cannot help being pained; because there are matters which our Lord keeps in His own hands, we must leave it to Him: He only knows when and how we need to be comforted, when and how to be left desolate and for how long.—Keble.

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